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REVIEWS

Sir Thomas Browne's Works; including his Life and Correspondence. Edited by Simon Wilkin, F.L.S. 4 vols. Pickering.

By a rare error of modesty Mr. Wilkin reprints Dr. Johnson's rapid sketch of Browne, and appends his own materials to it, in the shape of notes and "a supplementary memoir," though his laborious researches have enabled him materially to correct its mistakes and add to its facts. This error might have passed, if it had injured only himself; but, by dislocating the additional facts from their appropriate places, it makes the work, instead of a complete and proportionate whole, an ill-arranged and ill-selected assortment of fragments. The biography of Browne becomes, by this means, like "more last words of Richard Baxter." The life of Browne is first narrated by Johnson; and his death and burial, the estimate of his character, and the inscription on his tomb, make us think we have finished the last scene of all: the very next page, however, shows the eccentric physician as lively as ever, in which state he remains for upwards of fifty pages, until he is once again buried: the domestic and miscellaneous correspondence quickens him a third time to speculation and scribbling, and a collection of letters, "of necessity placed out of their due order of date," lets the curtain fall abruptly on Sir Thomas himself, in the very act of telling the story of his life to the gossiping Aubrey. This surpasses the imaginary flight of Dryden—

Thrice he routed all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain.

Mr. Wilkin buries the Doctor three times, and leaves him alive at last.

The matter of the supplementary memoir is introduced by a few courteous words of controversy against the opinion of a writer in No. 93 of the *Athenæum*, who conjectures that Browne was, in his social character, "an absent and solitary man."—"I can by no means adopt this opinion," says Mr. Wilkin; "on the contrary, *I am persuaded* that his social deportment was distinguished by the kindest courtesy; and though 'free from loquacity,' he was too ardent in the pursuit of knowledge not to have improved every opportunity of increasing his stores by conversation with those who were capable of enriching them. *I am satisfied*, in short, that had his earlier journals been preserved, they would have exhibited him to us as a traveller in just as striking a point of view as that in which 'his diligence and curiosity,' his originality of thought and fervour of feeling, and the creative richness of his fancy, have placed him under other characters."—"But surely 'an absent and solitary man' may be 'distinguished by the kindest courtesy,' and may 'improve every opportunity of increasing his knowledge by conversation'; a strong love of learning may break through the general absences and solitariness which it induces, whenever colloquial intercourse is likely to gratify it; and if characters of this kind are common enough among learned men, the grounds on which Mr. Wilkin is 'persuaded' and 'satisfied,' are swept from under him. A man may be a traveller, and yet absent and solitary. Mr. Wilkin, however, furnishes one fact, which strongly confirms the conjecture of the writer he opposes, in the circumstance, that though we

have plodded through the four bulky volumes before us, there is not in them all, we believe, though filled with the letters, diaries, and narratives of his family and contemporaries, a single instance or specimen of conversational remark recorded of Browne.

The first addition to Johnson is the fact that his step-father, Sir Thomas Hutton, killed Sir Hatton Cheke in a duel, in allusion to which, very possibly, Browne composed the following lines, preserved in MS., Sloan 1869:—

Diseases are the arms wherby
We naturally do fall and die.
What furie is't to take a death part,
And rather than by nature, die by art?
Men for me again shall chime
To Jared's or Methuselah's time.
That thread of life, the fates do twine,
Their gentle hands shall clip, not mine.
O let me never know the cruel
And heedless villany of duel;
Or if I must that fate sustain,
Let me be Abel and not Cain.

After taking his degree of M.D., Browne settled for three years as a physician at Shipden Hall, near Halifax, and here he wrote, and not in London as Johnson supposes, his 'Religio Medici.'

Mr. Wilkin gives an interesting account of Browne's peculiar mode of educating his family, which, whether right or wrong, was the result of the deepest solicitude and affection:—

"His ambition was their accomplishment, and there is sufficient evidence that he spared neither expense nor trouble, neither admonition, example, nor encouragement, to attain it. One remarkable feature in his plan is, however, very evident, that he did not keep them at home, but endeavoured to form them to habits of independence, and to give them, in a wide sense, a knowledge of the world, by sending them abroad. Some of his daughters visited France, though, in all probability, they were accompanied by himself. We have a single and imperfect allusion to a visit which he paid to Holland, on which occasion, I suspect, that one or more of his daughters accompanied him, going, probably, or returning through France. But he certainly must be considered to have put his system in practice at rather an early age, and in a most perilous manner, when he sent his second son, Thomas, to France, in 1660, at the age of fourteen, and sent him thither alone. We are not told that he had any particular plan of education in view for the boy in so doing, nor have we the intimation of any special motive which led to it. He exhorted him, in his letters, to learn all he could, to take notice of everything remarkable, 'to cast off *pudor rusticus*,' to put on a 'commendable boldness,' and to 'have a good handsome garb of his body.' It is, moreover, to be especially observed, how earnestly he enjoins him to 'hold firm to the Protestant religion, and be diligent in going to church;' 'be constant,' he adds, 'not negligent in your daily private prayers, and habituate your heart in your tender days unto the fear and reverence of God.'"

"He was a spirited and talented young man, and would, in all probability, have risen to eminence in the navy had he lived. He was remarkable, withal, for kindness and frankness of disposition. His 'Tour in Derbyshire,' (for there is internal evidence that he wrote that journal,) sufficiently shows that he had acquired some taste for adventure, and was ready enough to play his part."

This son indeed was the favourite of his father, a preference which he seems amply to have merited by his kind and manly disposition. The 'Tour' is written in a bold and dashing spirit, and shows a keen relish for adventure and fun. The curious will find it replete with sketches of

our national manners; and the state of the roads, and the means of travelling, which made a trip an adventure, contrasts conspicuously with the improved communication of our day, and the still greater improvements anticipated from the railroads.

"This day (Sept. 9, 1662,) broke very rudely upon us, and our entertainments last night was answerable to our morning's salutation; for I never travel'd before in such a lamentable day, both for weather and way, but we made shift to ride sixteen mile that morning to Chesterfield, in Darbshire, passing by Bolsower Castle, belonging to the Earl of Newcastle, very finely seated upon a high hill; and missing this our way once or twice, we rode up mountain down dale till we came to our inn, where we were glad to goe to-bed at noon. One of our companions came no better armed against the weather than with an open'd sleev'd doublet, whose misfortune, though we could do no otherwise than much pity, as being the greatest of us all, yet it made us some sport to see what pretty waterworks the rain had made about him; the spouting of his doublet did so resemble to a whale, that wee that could think ourselve no other than fishes at that time, swimming through the ocean of water that fell, dare never come nigh him. This gentleman, indeed, was in a lamentable pickle, but wee had no great reason to laugh at him, for wee were pretty well soused ourselves; and the way being so good 'twas impossible to ride above two mile an hour in this stormy weather, did administer an excellent remedy for our madnesse to see us thus drencht,—patience perforce; and made us, in spite of our teeth, march an alderman's pace some seven houres together in this fine morning; but coming to our inne, by the ostler's helpe having lifted our cramped legs off our horses, wee crawled up staires to a fire, where, in two hours time, wee had so well dried ourselves without and liquored ourselves within, that wee began to bee so valliant as to think upon a second march; but inquiring after the businesse wee received great discouragement, with some stories of a moor which they told us wee must goe over."

The fate of this young man is unknown. His early death may be inferred from some incidental allusions to him by his father, whose hopes of him appear, from his letters, to have been of the most brilliant kind; and the picture of how he mourned, with a manly and rooted sorrow, the loss of his gallant son, forms undoubtedly the most amiable and touching view these volumes disclose of his character.

Sir Thomas had a grandson, the son of Edward, who lived with him at Norwich, and in a letter to the father of this boy—one of many—he thus alludes to his lost son:—

"The fayrings were welcome to Tom; he finds about the house divers things that were your brother's, and Betty sometimes tells him stories about him, soo that he was importunate with her to write his life in a quarter of a sheet of paper, and rend it to him, and will have still more added."

Edward, the eldest son, became a lecturer on medicine to the Royal College of Physicians, was chosen Censor, possessed a fashionable practice, and died in 1703, aged 67, leaving an estate to the College. He was a large contributor to the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, and published some volumes of travels, which, according to Dr. Johnson, contain only accounts of his passage "from places where he saw little, to others where he saw no more." The description he gives, in a journal kept before he received his diploma, of the gaieties at Norwich, in 1663-4, held by Mr. Howard, who subse-

quently became the sixth Duke of Norfolk, present a lively and amusing picture of the manners of the period.

"January 1.—I was at Mr. Howard's, brother to the Duke of Norfolk, who kept his Christmas this year, at the Duke's palace in Norwich, so magnificently as the like hath scarce been seen. They had dancing every night, and gave entertainments to all that would come; hee built up a room on purpose to dance in, very large, and hung with the bravest hangings I ever saw; his candlesticks, snuffers, tongues, fireshovels, and andirons were silver; a banquet was given every night after dancing; and three coaches were employed to fetch ladies every afternoon, the greatest of which could hold fourteen persons, and cost five hundred pound without the harness, which cost six score more. I have seen of his pictures, which are admirable; hee hath prints and draughts by most of the great masters' own hands. Stones and jewels, as onyx, sardonxyes, jacinths, jaspers, amethysts, &c. more and better than any prince in Europe. Rings and seals, all manner of stones and limmings beyond compare. These things were most of them collected by the old Earl of Arundell, [Mr. Howard's grandfather,] who employed his agents in most places to buy him up rarities, but especially in Greece and Italy, where hee might probably meet with things of the greatest antiquity and curiosity.

"This Mr. Howard hath lately bought a piece of ground of Mr. Mingay, in Norwich, by the water-side, in Cunsford, which hee intends for a place of walking and recreation, having made already walks round and crosse it forty foot in breadth; if the quadrangle left be spacious enough, hee intends the first of them for a bowling-green, the third for a wilderness, and the forth for a garden. These and the like noble things hee performeth, and yet hath paid 100,000 pounds of his ancestor's debts.

"January 4.—I went to Mr. Howard's dancing at night; our greatest beauties were Mdm. Elizabeth Cradocke, Eliz. Houghton, Mrs. Philpot, Mrs. Yallop; afterwards to the banquet, and so home.—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

"January 5.—Tuesday I dined with Mr. Howard, where wee drank out of pure golde, and had the music all the while, with the like, answerable to the grandeur of [so] noble a person; this night I danc'd with him too.

"January 6.—At the Duke's place, with dancing at night and a great banquet. His gates were open, and such a number of people flock'd in, that all the beere they could set out in the streets, could not divert the stream of the multitudes till very late at night."

The young Doctor makes a short trip to London, and visits St. James's Park, and Arundell House, in the Strand.

"February 25.—This night I walk'd into St. James's Park, where I saw many strange creatures, as divers sorts of outlandish deer, Guiny sheep, a white raven, a great parot, a storke, which, having broke its owne leg, had a wooden leg set on, which it doth use very dexterously. Here are very stately walkes set with lime trees on both sides, and a fine Pall Mall.

"March 1.—I went to Arundell House, where I saw a great number of old Roman and Grecian statues, many as big again as the life, and divers Greek inscriptions upon stones in the garden. I viewed these statues till approaching night began to obscure them, being extremely taken with the noblesse of that ancient worke, and grieving at the bad usage some of them had met with in our last distractions."

The title which Mr. Wilkin has prefixed to this work, ascribes the correspondence to Sir Thomas Browne; the greater part of it, however, is not his; it belongs to his sons and daughters, his wife and friends, and is more properly the letters he received, than those he wrote. The publication of all his own letters, though little graced by style,—though without wit and sprightliness, warmth of imagination, and ease, we could have pardoned, because they are autobiographical; and the picture of goodness and fatherly affection, of ever active and innocent curi-

osity, and of the modest and manly worth of his private life which they display, are beneficial and pleasant. His letters to his son Edward, the greater part of the collection, are extremely uniform; almost every one tells him of the health and the sayings, or sends him the love and duty of his son, "little Tomey." The case of some one of his patients, and the remedies he prescribed, is equally staple; the death of a drunkard, or a parliamentary election, now and then introduces a few brief words on the politics and incidents of Norwich; his remarks on the Transactions of the Royal Society, and his regards to his cousins, a description of a plant, a bird, a fish, a specimen of natural history, or a relic of the olden time; the longevity of a man or woman upwards of a hundred; these mingling in every way with the ordinary news of a comfortable and affectionate family, are the subjects of these sober epistles, over which, however, a deep and constant feeling of religion sheds perpetually an impressive and benevolent influence. The advices of the father are side by side with the notes of the fellow student, and the queries of the naturalist come at the heels of the inquiries of the friend. One curious feature of the letters, when compared with his published works, especially the 'Religio Medici,' will surprise those who remember the rich and humorous egotism they display; no letters can be less egotistical. He keeps himself hid behind his subject, whatever it may be; and if a few words on the state of his health, or some such matter, escape him, he shrinks instantly under the cover of some general remark or pious reflection. To the public he talks frankly of his feelings and convictions; and when writing daily to his family and friends he scarcely mentions himself. His letters to Dugdale, Evelyn, Ashmole, and Aubrey, except a letter to the last, which narrates in a manner the least egotistical possible the dates of his birth, diploma, knighthood, publications, &c. at the express request of his correspondent, are full of information about antiquities and biography; and he liberally furnishes Dr. Merrett and others with accounts of a great variety of objects interesting to the naturalist. But his whole correspondence does not afford a single instance of those disclosures of the inner recesses of his heart, which are so plentiful and amusing in his published works. One of the most egotistical of writers is also one of the least egotistical of men.

The following is a fair specimen: the note at the end is from Lady Browne to her daughter-in-law, and refers to her grandson, then on a visit to his parents in London:—

"Sir Thomas Browne to his son Edward.

"Novemb. vii. [1679].

"Dear Sonne,—I am glad at last to understand that you returned about twelve dayes agoe from Cobham Hall, and that my L. O. Bryan is come to London; her brother, the duke of Richmond, was a good-natured brisk man, and was at my howse twice, when hee came to Norwich. It is sayd, also, that shee is a fine courteous lady. Sir Joseph hath also the repute of [a] worthy and highly civill gentleman, and is not probably without a good study of bookes; being now president of the R. S. and having been a student of Queen's Colledge, in Oxford, and as a benefactor, hath rebuilt a part of that old colledge; I find by your description, that Cobham Hall is a very notable place, and few to compare with it; so that, in your long staye, you might have somewhat within or without to divert you. The many excellent pictures must needs be recreative; the howse also in St. James's-square is a noble one, and not many exceed it. Butt I am exceedingly sorry for the death of that worthy honest gentleman, Dr. Jaspas Needhame, and the colledge will have a great losse of him. Have a speciall care of your owne health; under the providence and blessing of God, there is nothing more like to conserve you, and enable you to go about, and watch, and to mind your

patients, than temperance and a sober life. And 'tis not unlikely that some of the Drs. patients may fall to your share. Bee kind to Mr. Austin Briggs and his wife, daughter to old Mr. Cock, the miller, a good woman, and a lover of Tom, and our kind neighbours both of them, although Mr. Briggs owne brother in London, Dr. Briggs, may do much for them. All the noyse heere is of the new plot, sett up to make nothing or little of the former, which I perceive no contrivance can effect. I am sorry Mr. Gadbury is in trouble,* upon erecting of schemes, and calculating nativities, and, as I remember, it is high treason to calculate the nativite of the king, especially when procured by ill designers. Service to Madame Burwell, my Lady Pettus, Sir Will. Adams, and his worthy lady, who went towards London yesterday, and shee intends to call at your howse very soone. Remember me to my cosens Cradock, cosens Hobbes, Mr. Nathn Skottowe, when you see him, and all our friends. To my sonne Fairfax, my daughter Fairfax, Betty, Frank, Tom, and Sukey. My daughter Fairfax and little one, I believe, is not in London. God blesse you all, and be loving and kind together.

"Your loving father,

"THOMAS BROWNE.

"Love and blessing to my daughter Browne. Service to my sister Whiting, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Boone," &c.

"Deare Daughter,—I thanke God for your latter, and shall be so glad to see my Tomey return in heath though ever so dirty; hee knows fullars earth will cleane all. I besich God of his mercy blesse you all.

"Your affectioun mother,

"DOROTHY BROWNE.

"This for Docter Browne, att his hous, in Salisbury Court, at the Black Balls, in the Square, London."

The theory of quincunxes, which Browne developed in his Garden of Cyrus, has been universally treated as a mere fancy—the sport of imagination; Mr. Wilkin, however, asserts for it more serious claims.

"The most eminent even of his admirers have treated it as a mere sport of the imagination, in the prosecution of which he considers every production of art and nature in which he could find any *decoration*, or approaches to the form of a quincunx; and as a man, once resolved upon ideal discoveries, seldom searches long in vain, he finds his favourite figure in almost everything, 'quincunxes,' as Coleridge says, 'in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything.' The increased attention, however, which modern naturalists have paid to the prevalence of certain numbers in the distribution of nature, and Mr. Macleay's persevering and successful advocacy of a QUINARY ARRANGEMENT, would naturally lead an admirer of Browne to look at this work in a higher point of view than a mere *jeu d'esprit*. How far, in short, has he anticipated in this work—as he certainly must be allowed to have done in the *Pseudodoxia*—those who have conducted their inquiries in the midst of incomparably greater light and knowledge, and with the advantage of an immensely increased accumulation of facts and observations of every kind? For an answer to this question I refer to the notes of E. W. Brayley, Esq."

These references show a remarkable concurrence of opinion with Browne. Mr. Colebrooke, Dr. Walter Adam, Mr. William Sharpe Macleay, the Rev. William Kirby, Professor Lindley—not to mention others—are all cited as eminent naturalists, by whom views have been published similar to those so eloquently and beautifully unfolded in the Garden of Cyrus.

The new papers published by Mr. Wilkin are not very valuable, consisting chiefly of scraps and fragments, yet some passages of great power are to be found among them, hardly inferior to the finest parts of the works by which his fame has been established. A fragment on mummies thus ends:—

"Death, that fatal necessity, which so many

* The celebrated astrologer, who was apprehended on a charge of treasonable practices.

would overlook, or blinkingly survey, the old Egyptians held continually before their eyes. Their embalmed ancestors they carried about at their banquets, as holding them still a part of their families, and not thrusting them from their places at feasts. They wanted not likewise a sad preacher at their tables to admonish them daily of death—surely an unnecessary discourse, while they banqueted in sepulchres. Whether this were not making too much of death as tending to assuefaction, some reason there is no doubt; but certain it is, that such practices would hardly be embraced by our modern gourmands, who like not to look on faces of *morta*, or be elbowed by mummies.

"Yet in those huge structures and pyramidal immensities, of the builders whereof so little is known, they seemed not so much to raise sepulchres or temples to death, as to contemn and disdain it, astonishing heaven with their audacities, and looking forward with delight to their interment in those eternal piles. Of their living habitations they made little account, conceiving of them but as *hospitia*, or inns, while they adorned the sepulchres of the dead, and planting thereon lasting bases, defied the crumbling touches of time and the misty vapourousness of oblivion. Yet all were but Babel vanities. Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphinx, and looketh upon Memphis and old Thebes, while his sister, Oblivion, reclines semiconscious on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paces amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her, who builded them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not.

"Egypt itself is now become the land of oblivion, and doteth. Her ancient civility is gone, and her glory hath vanished as a phantasma. Her youthful days are over, and her face hath become wrinkled and tetric; she poeth not upon the heavens—Astronomy is dead unto her, and Knowledge maketh other cycles. Canopus is afar off—Memnon resoundeth not to the sun, and Nilus heareth strange voices. Her monuments are but hieroglyphically sempiternal; Osiris and Anubis, her averruncous deities, have departed, while Orus yet remains, dimly shadowing the principle of vicissitude, and the effluxion of things, but receiveth little oblation."

Few things finer than this have we ever met with. How perfect the personifications of Time, Oblivion, and of History! The traveller cannot hear what she mumbleth!

The subjects of the other papers are: De Peste—replies to queries—naval fights—Norfolk birds and fishes—a dark mist in 1674—the grafting of trees,—and other themes, some in Latin, some in English, as various as the contents of a common-place book naturally are—and as full of curious remarks and lore as every one would expect the miscellanea of Sir Thomas Browne to be. Among them are titles of some productions of his pen which are, unfortunately, lost—such as a dialogue between an inhabitant of the earth and of the moon—a dialogue between two twins in the womb, concerning the world they were to come into—specimens of lunar and juvenile philosophy, in the composition of which he seems to have engaged as the recreations of his leisure. Some scraps of poetry also occur.

The only other piece of interest sufficient to warrant our extracting it is a curious and characteristic essay on dreams.

"Half our days we pass in the shadow of the earth; and the brother of death extracteth a third part of our lives. A good part of our sleep is peered out with visions and fantastical objects, wherein we are confessedly deceived. The day supplieth us with truths; the night with fictions and falsehoods, which uncomfortably divide the natural account of our beings; and, therefore, having passed the day in sober labours, and rational inquiries of truth, we are fain to betake ourselves into such a state of being, wherein the soberest heads have acted all the monstrosities of melancholy, and which, unto open eyes, are no better than folly and madness.

"Happy are they that go to bed with grand music, like Pythagoras, or have ways to compose the fantastical spirit whose unruly wanderings take off inward sleep, filling our heads with St. Anthony's visions, and the dreams of Lipara, in the sober chambers of rest.

"Virtuous thoughts of the day lay up good treasures for the night; whereby the impressions of imaginary forms arise into sober similitudes, acceptable to our slumbering selves, and preparatory unto divine impressions. Hereby Solomon's sleep was happy. Thus prepared, Jacob might well dream of angels upon a pillar of stone; and the best sleep of Adam might be the best of any after."

"That there should be divine dreams, seems unreasonably doubted by Aristotle. That there are demoniacal dreams, we have little reason to doubt. Why may there not be angelical? If there be guardian spirits they may not be inactively about us in our sleep, but may sometimes order our dreams; and many strange hints, instigations, or discourses, which are so amazing unto us, may arise from such foundations.

"But the phantasms of sleep do commonly walk in the great road of natural and animal dreams, wherein the thoughts or actions of the day are acted over, and echoed in the night. Who can therefore wonder that Chrysostom should dream of St. Paul, who daily read his epistles? or that Cardan, whose head was so taken up about the stars, should dream that his soul was in the moon. Pious persons, whose thoughts are daily busied about heaven, and the blessed state thereof, can hardly escape the nightly phantasms of it, which, though sometimes taken for illuminations, or divine dreams, yet, rightly perpended, may prove but animal visions, and natural night-scenes of their awaking contemplations.

"Many dreams are made out by sagacious exposition, and from the signature of their subjects; carrying their interpretation in their fundamental sense and mystery of similitude, whereby he that understands upon what natural fundamental every notion dependeth, may, by symbolical adaptation, hold a ready way to read the characters of Morpheus. In dreams of such a nature, Artemidorus, Achmet, and Astrampsichus, from Greek, Egyptian, and Arabian oneiro-criticism may hint some interpretation: who, while we read of a ladder in Jacob's dream, will tell us, that ladders and scalary ascents signify preferment; and, while we consider the dream of Pharaoh, do teach us that rivers overflowing speak plenty—lean oxen, famine and scarcity; and therefore it was but reasonable in Pharaoh to demand the interpretation from his magicians, who, being Egyptians, should have been well versed in symbols and the hieroglyphic notions of things. The greatest tyrant in such divinations was Nabuchodonosor, while, besides the interpretation, he demanded the dream itself, which, being probably determined by divine immission, might escape the common road of phantasms that might have been traced by Satan.

"When Alexander, going to besiege Tyre, dreamt of a satyr, it was no hard exposition for a Grecian to say, 'Tyre will be thine.' He that dreamed he saw his father washed by Jupiter, and anointed by the sun, had cause to fear that he might be crucified, whereby his body would be washed by the rain, and drop by the heat of the sun. The dream of Vespasian was of harder exposition; as also that of the Emperor Maritimus, concerning his successor Phocas. And a man might have been hard put to it, to interpret the language of Æsculapius, when to a consumptive person he held forth his fingers; implying thereby, that his care lay in dates, from the homonymy of the Greek, which signifies dates and fingers.

"We owe unto dreams that Galen was a physician, Dion an historian; and that the world hath seen some notable pieces of Cardan; yet, he that should order his affairs by dreams, or make the night a rule unto the day, might be ridiculously deluded; wherein Cicero is much to be pitied, who, having excellently discoursed of the vanity of dreams, was yet undone by the flattery of his own, which urged him to apply himself unto Augustus.

"However dreams may be fallacious concerning

Mr. Wilkin is ungallant enough to doubt whether the only recorded sleep of Adam is called the best from its origin or its result—the creation of woman.

outward events, yet may they be truly significant at home; and whereby we may more sensibly understand ourselves. Men act in sleep with some conformity unto their awaked senses; and consolations or discouragements may be drawn from dreams which intimately tell us ourselves. Luther was not like to fear a spirit in the night, when such an apparition would not terrify him in the day. Alexander would hardly have run away in the sharpest combats of sleep, nor Demosthenes have stood stoutly to it, who was scarce able to do it in his prepared senses. Persons of radical integrity will not easily be perverted in their dreams, nor noble minds do pitiful things in sleep. Crassus would have hardly been bountiful in a dream, whose fist was so close awake. But a man might have lived all his life upon the sleeping hand of Antonius.

"There is an art to make dreams, as well as their interpretations; and physicians will tell us that some food makes turbulent, some gives quiet dreams. Cato, who doated upon cabbage, might find the crude effects thereof in his sleep; wherein the Egyptians might find some advantage by their superstitious abstinence from onions. Pythagoras might have [had] calmer sleeps if he [had] totally abstained from beans. Even Daniel, the great interpreter of dreams, in his leguminous diet, seems to have chosen no advantageous food for quiet sleep, according to the Grecian physics.

"To add unto the delusion of dreams, the phantastical objects seem greater than they are; and being beheld in the vaporous state of sleep, enlarge their diameters unto us, whereby it may prove more easy to dream of giants than pigmies. Democritus might seldom dream of atoms, who so often thought of them. He almost might dream himself a bubble extending into the eighth sphere. A little water makes a sea; a small puff of wind a tempest. A grain of sulphur kindled in the blood may make a flame like Etna; and a small spark in the bowels of Olympias, a lightning over all the chamber.

"But besides these innocent delusions, there is a sinful state of dreams. Death alone, not sleep, is able to put an end unto sin; and there may be a night-book of our iniquities, for besides the transgressions of the day, casuists will tell us of mortal sins in dreams, arising from evil precogitations; meanwhile human law regards not noctambulism; and if a night-walker should break his neck or kill a man, takes no notice of it.

"Dionysius was absurdly tyrannical to kill a man for dreaming that he had killed him, and really to take away his life, who had but fantastically taken away his. Lamia was ridiculously unjust to sue a young man for a reward, who had confessed that pleasure from her in a dream which she had denied unto his waking senses: conceiving that she had merited somewhat from his fantastical fruition and shadow of herself. If there be such debts, we owe deeply unto sympathies; but the common spirit of the world must be ready in such arrearages.

If some have swooned, they may have also died in dreams, since death is but a confirmed swooning. Whether Plato died in a dream, as some deliver, he must rise again to inform us. That some have never dreamed, is as improbable as that some have never laughed. That children dream not the first half year; that men dream not in some countries, with many more, are unto me sick men's dreams; dreams out of the ivory gate,† and visions before midnight."

Many will laugh at such opinions. The class of those who can appreciate the knowledge of the facts relating to the mind displayed by Browne's remarks on the interpretation of dreams, is much less numerous, for they unlock the mystery to which a large and powerful body of men, the magicians, in different ages and nations, have owed a vast influence over their fellow men. If the interpretation of dreams had been the vulgar thing it is vulgarly supposed—the mere trick of fortune-tellers—its professors could never have gained respect anywhere, or at any time when men were men, let the age and land have been as benighted as they might. The magicians

† Poets suppose two gates of sleep; the one of horn, from which true dreams proceed; the other of ivory, which sends forth false dreams.

of old made out dreams by "sagacious exposition, and from the signatures of the subjects." To their studios and instructed penetration, the imagery of the dream were the indices of the secret mind of him who asked its interpretation—one of the most important weights in the scale on which the fate of events hung; and a calculation founded on an estimate equally searching of all the other influences involved, enabled them to predict the future by the magic of understanding the present, in a way fitted to command the respect of acute and searching minds, such as no age or tribe ever yet failed to produce, however unaided by books and unblest with school-masters.

We end as we began, with a word or two of criticism. We acknowledge ourselves indebted to Mr. Wilkin for a few admirable and hitherto unpublished fragments, and for the delight we have experienced in a reperusal of the noble writings of his author,—but there, we regret to add, ends our obligation. His edition offends against every rule which ought to have been a guide in such a republication; he has accumulated the utmost possible mass of leaden and antiquarian rubbish, and pitched it down shapeless and unsorted, as if the height of his ambition was to raise a cairn for a monument. He has however ingeniously contrived to give an original feature to his labours; while most editors waste time and patience in correcting other people, Mr. Wilkin is perpetually correcting himself. Let the reader judge from the following confession, which is not solitary:—

"It has been my endeavour to execute this plan with at least a creditable degree of accuracy; to avoid errors altogether was not to be expected, but I was certainly not prepared for the mortifying discovery, exactly when too late,—just after the last sheet had been worked off,—that the errors of the edition of 1643, enumerated in a table of errata accompanying it, had never been corrected, but (with few exceptions,) had passed through every subsequent edition, MY OWN INCLUDED! Some of these errors are important, involving a diametrical opposition of meaning; several passages containing them were most reluctantly printed, after having cost a careful comparison of all the editions and manuscripts in search of a better reading, and, in one instance, a conjectural emendation was hazarded.

"The discovery having been made, the next question was, what to do? I remembered the reply of a sagacious friend, some years ago, to an inquiry, as to the expediency of printing a table of errata,—'No, sir, keep the fool within doors!' The advice was pleasant, as well as quaint, and, on the present occasion, it was considerably recommended by a doleful reflection on the utter uselessness of the former unlucky table: 'what will be the advantage of confessing errors, which few would detect themselves, and fewer still would correct, even if pointed out?' But in spite of all these reasonings, I felt bound, having discovered these errors, either to correct or to confess them."

Britannia after the Romans; being an attempt to illustrate the Religious and Political Revolutions of that Province in the Fifth and succeeding Centuries. 4to. London: Bohn.

THERE is no subject connected with our history so little known, or so wrongly known, as the actions and character of the Britons from the departure of the Romans to the Norman Conquest. During the same period, the history of Spain, Italy, Gaul, and part of Germany, is well understood; but when we attempt to penetrate that of the Britons (we may add, that of the Caledonians, the Picts, or the Scots,) we meet with darkness, doubt, and uncertainty, at every step. Much of this, it may be replied, is owing to the scarcity of historical monuments; yet, in regard to the Britons, this evil is less felt than in respect to many other people. Omitting Gildas, who, indeed, is scarcely any authority, and Bede, whose information is exceedingly

meagre, and Nennius, whom we know not when to trust, the nation has, or professes to have, historical compositions as old as the sixth and seventh centuries. There are the historical Triads and songs, and the Chronicle of Tysilio, which, in addition to the intelligence, however little, furnished by the three authors just mentioned, and to that supplied by the lives of a few British saints, ought to dispel a portion at least of the Egyptian darkness that envelopes the country. Yet the amount of all is much less than we should have expected; and it is still more unsatisfactory in quality. Something of this is doubtless owing to the ignorance evinced by the majority of our great historians of the ancient language and literature of the people; yet we all know that the antiquarians best acquainted with both, have regarded the subject with very different eyes. While one can discover genuine historic events at every step, another sees fable only, and even denies the existence of the most renowned characters in the annals of that people. One has contended that there were sometimes several of the same name, and has attempted to distinguish them; another has rejected them all, as beings purely mythologic; while a third has zealously asserted that the relics of antiquity on which the characters and events of British history rest, are fabrications of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. This, indeed, has not been the opinion of the native antiquaries,—of men whose local knowledge enabled them to collect more information than others; but they have almost uniformly fallen into the extreme of unbounded credulity. As no people have felt a warmer attachment to their country than the Welsh, so none have more zealously combined to extol the glories of their race. In such endeavours they have seldom shown much candour; they have rejected whatever was hostile to the national character; in whatever was favourable they have seldom examined on what foundation it rested; remote probabilities have been assumed as absolute facts; improbabilities have been divested of their repulsive attributes—nay, even impossibilities have gravely been arranged under the same banner: in other words, the wildest romance and the most extravagant fictions have appeared under the sober garb of history to the modern Cumry. This blind credulity has had its natural effect: it has provoked some writers—the author of the present work among the rest—to a counter-disparagement, or to an utter denial, of all that was really good in the character or institutions of this ancient people.

In an Introduction of about eighty pages, the author moots several important subjects, rather at random than with regard to their natural connexion. One of his first objects is to insinuate, rather than to prove, that the bards of the fifth and sixth centuries—the most ancient and glorious that are now extant—were idolaters; that they were connected by the mystic bond of Druidism; and that their policy was to overthrow Christianity in this island. In this attempt we discover much truth and much error. The Britons of this period were undoubtedly Christians, so far as baptism, outward profession, and, to a considerable extent, inward conviction, were concerned. This writer must have known, from his evident acquaintance with the poetry of Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, Merddin, &c.; and this, indeed, he does not so much deny, as indirectly impugn, by his favourite mode of insinuation. Yet, on the other hand, notwithstanding the want of candour so conspicuous in the Welsh antiquaries, no reasonable doubt can be entertained, from the writings of these poets, that this Christianity was very far from pure; that it was pervaded by the spirit of Druidism; and that the grossest superstitions in

regard to magic prevailed in the principality down to a recent period. That in the twelfth century the inhabitants were no more than half Christians, is evident from the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis, himself a Briton, and by no means inclined to disparage his countrymen. Add, that the national legends—those contained in the Mabinogia, and some even that have found their way, not merely into Tysilio and Nennius, into the Bards, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, but into the Lives of Saints—have, in themselves, a character peculiarly heathen; and we are at a loss to conceive on what grounds the negative of the proposition can be supported.

The spirit in which the volume before us is written will be apparent from an early passage of the Introduction:—"The great work, and, as I may say, the Alcoran of Arthusian Romance, is the book of the Saint Greal. In truth, it is no romance, but a blasphemous imposture, more extravagant and daring than any other on record, in which it is endeavoured to pass off the mysteries of Bardism for direct inspirations of the Holy Ghost."

And in the following paragraph he endeavours to fix the authorship on Tysilio, a writer said to be of the seventh century, and who was certainly imbued with a portion of the Druidical spirit. *Greal*, he observes, "is a Welsh word, signifying an aggregate of principles, a magazine; and the elementary world, or world of spirits, was called the *country of the Greal*." Now, the Saint Greal is not derived from the Welsh at all; and if Dr. Owen Pugh has found an etymology for it in his dictionary, it is only what he has done in every other case—always preferring the British root, however remote and unlikely, to the plain original, as existing in other European languages. The man, indeed, who derives *diavyl*, not from the Latin *diabolus*, but from the British *gavyl*, a fish; *llyeyr*, a book, not from *liber*, but from the Welsh *lluv*, apt to move; *merthyr*, a martyr, not from the Greek, but from the Welsh *merth*, sad or grievous; could have no difficulty in finding a primitive for San Greal; and in this instance our author, who has in other parts of his book so justly censured the blind prejudice of the lexicographer, has, for a purpose equally unworthy, chosen to follow him. The truth is, the word is Norman French, *sang-real*, real blood, meaning the real blood of our Saviour. At what period of our history the tradition originated, that Joseph of Arimathea had brought a vessel of this precious liquor to England, and deposited it in the monastery of Glastonbury, would be an interesting, but probably a fruitless inquiry. One thing is certain, that from the reverence paid to the mere sacramental element after consecration, such a liquor, if it could have been discovered, would have been hailed with the most profound adoration. Of its existence little doubt was entertained by the people at large; and though it was no longer at Glastonbury, it was believed to be concealed in some part of the country under the care of some one of the Apostles. Its virtues were of course all-powerful—had not it, as it flowed from the wound made by the soldier's spear in our Saviour's side, opened the eyes of the blind?—its possession would infallibly secure heaven for the possessor; and it would serve as a complete palladium for the defence of the realm. Hence the number of knights whom, in romance, we find in pursuit of this wonderful treasure; but as the most unblemished purity of heart and conduct, united with a valour nearly superhuman, was to characterize the man for whom

† See a great number of such examples selected by the author of the book under review, p. xli. &c. of the Introduction, and at p. 161, &c. of the work itself.

success was reserved, we need not be surprised at the universality of the failures. Hence, too, it was that though Sir Lancelot had no peer, and Sir Tristram none except Sir Lancelot, the vices and failings of both disqualified them for the successful quest of the Sang-real. The happiness, as all readers of *Mort d'Arthur* and other traditional romances know, was reserved for Sir Galahad, son of the famous knight of the Lake. The man who first invented and diffused this extraordinary legend, had doubtless a moral purpose in view, no less than the entertainment of knights and dames. That purpose was the inculcation of all the virtues, of those especially which, from the nature of the chivalric profession, were most likely to be neglected. Hence Milton, speaking of these romances,

Where more is meant than meets the ear,

pays merely a just tribute to their tendency.

A very interesting question would here arise, (were such limits as ours capable of admitting it) how a legend, evidently devised for such a purpose, came to be regarded as a fact by posterity. The general reply can only be given in this place: the separation of the fable from the moral, and its assumption as fact, has ever been the practice of the people; and the present instance is but one among a hundred that might be adduced as illustrations. The legend and the moral originated in Armorica,—the chief cradle of our romantic fiction. It was generally received in England, not by the vulgar herd of the nobility and knights only, but by kings, sage councillors, and grave bishops. We learn from Matthew Paris, that in 1247 our Henry III. solemnly convoked his barons and knights to behold a most wonderful mark of God's favour to this kingdom; and that when all were assembled in London at the appointed time (the translation of St. Edward), they were equally astounded and delighted by the intelligence that the real blood of Christ was present in a crystal vase, sent from Jerusalem to the monarch by the two Grand Masters of the Templars and the Knights of St. John; the bearer, too, was a knight of the Temple, a fit tool for such a gross imposition. On this occasion the credulous Henry was exceedingly devout. The previous day he had fasted and prayed; that he might be worthy to carry the sacred relic from the church of St. Paul to that of St. Peter at Westminster, where he deposited it. The Bishop of Norwich celebrated mass, and afterwards preached on the unspeakable value of the relic. It was, he said, much superior to the true cross, on the possession of which the French king (St. Louis, brother-in-law of Henry,) so much congratulated himself, since the latter could derive its value only from the former. Of what use was the wound without the blood? He concluded an eloquent discourse by proclaiming an indulgence of six years, and one hundred and forty days to all who should come reverently to honour this stupendous relic.

It is much to the credit of an age, beyond contradiction the darkest in our ecclesiastical annals, that the monstrous fable was despised by some who were present. How, asked they, can this be? If Christ rose entire as to his body, how could he have left his blood on the earth? The Bishop of Lincoln, no less a personage than the celebrated Grosse-tete, was, we are sorry to perceive, the champion of the legend on this occasion. Joseph of Arimathea, he said, having taken our Lord's body from the cross, carefully caught the blood which flowed from the side; both it and the water had been delivered by Joseph to Nicodemus; and thus the treasure had been transmitted from father to son, until it came into the possession of Robert, patriarch of Jerusalem. The good bishop—for such he was if ever man was—could not conclude without a

fling at France. His sovereign had obtained the treasure without money and without price, as gospel things should be obtained; but Louis had paid a great sum for the cross. The integrity of the body, he added, could not be affected by the loss of the blood in question, no more than our own could be by ordinary bleeding. The sceptics were silenced, but not convinced; yet, as they would not offend the piety of their king, they kept their doubts to themselves. Seeing, then, the prevalence of this legend, and even its association with history, how could Dr. Owen Pugh—how could the anonymous writer before us, shut their eyes to the fact, and seek in Druidism for a legend of Christian origin? Assuredly the blame—if blame there be—attributable to the inventors of this legend, and of its consequent superstition, does not rest with the Druidical bards at all, but with our Christian forefathers. We may add, that the same injustice has been committed in other accusations.

The same spirit, viz. that of unmingled prejudice against everything British, appears in the very next paragraph, where we read that the Triads are *not* ancient. The proof is, that they contain allusions to events and characters of the twelfth century. This is disingenuous. Nobody doubts that, of the Triads in the existing compilations, some are comparatively modern; but does this circumstance affect the antiquity of the rest? "The historical Triads," says Mr. Turner, "have been obviously put together at very different periods. Some appear very ancient. Some allude to circumstances about the first population and early history of the island, of which every other memorial has perished. The Triads were noticed by Camden with respect. Mr. Vaughan, the antiquary of Hengurt, refers them to the seventh century. Some may be the records of more ancient traditions, and some may be of more recent date." He might have added, that several, besides being deeply pervaded by the mystic spirit of the Druids, contain other marks of high antiquity. In choosing this mode of composition there was certainly very little judgment: verses of three lines only, all complete within themselves, must frequently be too artificial for the communication of the precise truth. Yet we do not subscribe to the severe censure, that their "very nature is apt to generate fiction or perversion of truth;" nor that "when only two of any given category were forthcoming, the author would not be scrupulous in providing himself with a third." This is just the same as to say that the very nature of poetry is apt to generate fiction; or that when any one rhyme is forthcoming, the author would not hesitate as to the choice of a corresponding one. Poetry may be carried into a perversion of truth, but not necessarily; and prose is surely susceptible of the same perversion.

Of the same objectionable character is the notice on *Gildas*. Gildas, the reprover of the Britons, whose hyperbolic expressions have been exposed in all ages, was sure to be a favourite with our author. The sum and substance of his insinuations is, that the Britons had apostatized from the faith of Christ in favour of Druidism; and that the historian's invectives were occasioned by the change. We are told that Gildas himself had been a Pagan bard, a celebrated member of the Druidical priesthood; and that after his conversion to Christianity he was the more zealous in attempting to relieve his countrymen from an idolatry, the evils of which he so well understood. Both of these assumptions are gratuitous, and have not even the shadow of a foundation on which to rest. Gildas indeed bemoans the *heresies* which had escaped from the continent, and found a refuge

here; and he mentions Arianism, as no doubt the most prevalent. Pelagianism was also here; probably it had time to recover its strength since the mission of Germanus and Lupus, who, in a council of British Bishops, had almost destroyed it. In the first mission of Germanus (for he came twice) we hear of no Druids, no paganism: on the contrary, all the bishops and people forsook the heresy for the orthodox belief. In his second mission, we are assured still more strongly, that the kingdom continued in the true Catholic faith, and that the heretics were very few in number; these were brought to the prelate, and, by the demand of the native bishop, were banished into Gaul. Let any one peruse the acts of this saint, and the declaration of Gildas; and if he find any trace of Druidism in this island in the fifth or sixth century, he must himself have a greater portion of its spirit than we hope exists: he must be a magician indeed.

Our author is favourable to Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose fidelity has so frequently been assailed by critics. In this we cordially agree with him. Geoffrey asserts that his authorities were collections in the Armorican or ancient British language, made by Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford; and, at the request of Walter, he translated them into Latin. Here then, if there be forgery at all, it must rest with Walter, not with Geoffrey. But it is no forgery, and that for several reasons. 1. The characters and events of Geoffrey's Chronicle were in being long before. To these allusion is perpetually made by the old romances of Brittany—romances which doubtless existed prior to the Brut. "The concurrent testimony," observes Mr. Price, (the last editor of Warton's poetry,) "of the French romances, is now admitted to have proved the existence of a large body of fiction relative to Arthur in the province of Brittany; and while they confirm the assertions of Geoffrey in this single particular, it is equally clear that they have neither echoed his language nor borrowed his materials. Every farther investigation of the subject only tends to support the opinion entertained by Mr. Douce, that the tales of Arthur and his knights, which have appeared in so many forms, and under the various titles of St. Greal, Tristan de Leonnois, Lancelot du Lac, &c. were not immediately borrowed from the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, but from his Armorican originals." 2. There are still extant many productions confessedly prior to the age of Geoffrey, which yet allude to the chief characters and events of his Chronicle. There is, for instance, the Brut of Tysilio, which the most learned British antiquarians refer to about the year 700. Even if it be a century more recent, it cannot be considered as less ancient than the age of Nennius. And Nennius himself contains the germ of many fables in Geoffrey: see, for instance, the relation concerning Vortigern, the fortress which he attempted to build, the wonderful demolition of his labours by the two subterranean dragons, the origin and prophecies of Merlin. In the lives of some Welsh saints, too—all confessedly prior to Geoffrey or Mapes—we have similar allusions. 3. As strongly confirming the sincerity of the Archdeacon, may be cited the writers who lived in, and immediately subsequent to, his time. These have not, as is commonly imagined, borrowed from him, but have derived their materials from a more ancient source. Thus, among our historians, Henry of Huntingdon, Florence of Worcester, and Alured of Beverley, allude to the events of ancient Britain in such a manner as to prove that they had some other authority than Geoffrey's Chronicle before them; among such poets as Gaimar and Layamon, we find the same subjects mentioned, and often so differently as to leave no doubt that

they had a *different* original from that which Geoffrey used. Indeed Gaimar, though he doubtless translated into Norman much of Geoffrey's version, distinctly assures us that he had frequently reason to correct the statements of that version; and he refers to two chronicles which had, he said, enabled him to do so. This we think decisive of the controversy, even if no other proofs existed. Gaimar had other originals than those of which the Archdeacon made use; the latter, and his friend Walter, must therefore be exonerated from the charge of imposture. If Archdeacon Walter could find, as nobody denies that he did, Armorican originals, why should not other scholars be equally fortunate? To our translator's fidelity, we have the implied assent of Carador of Lancorvan, who continued his Chronicle in Welsh, and who was surely a judge of the subject; he must have known whether the Archdeacon had invented any portion of that Chronicle, and whether the traditions to which Geoffrey referred as known to everybody, were similar in tenor to that Chronicle. It may, indeed, be objected, that Giraldus Cambrensis calls the Chronicle a lying book; but then there is reason to infer that he only assailed the *book*, not the translator; he did not dispute the fidelity of Geoffrey, but the pretended historic character of the fables. After all, however, on this subject, the authority of Giraldus is slender enough, and for this reason—he was unacquainted with the Welsh language. This he acknowledges in his *Itinerarium Cambrie*. In preaching the Crusade with Archbishop Baldwin, he used a language foreign to the people (whether Latin or Norman French, we do not recollect, and the *Itinerarium* is not in our hands); yet he tells us that at Haverford the shedding of tears was incessant, and many assumed the cross. Of this circumstance he is very proud, since it enables him to compare himself with St. Bernard, who made the rough Germans shed tears, though not one of them understood the saint's language, any more than the Welsh understood him. Moreover, a Welshman declared to Prince Rhys, who was present at his eloquent display, that had Giraldus preached in the native tongue, not one of the prince's attendants would have been able to resist the assumption of the cross. This ecclesiastic, therefore, being ignorant alike of the language, the traditions, the literature of the Welsh, is no authority whatever against the fidelity of Geoffrey. 4. But the Chronicle of the Archdeacon contains within itself evidence enough that it could be of no importance. A few illustrations of this fact have been collected by Mr. Roberts (the translator of Tysilio) and by the author before us: many more could be adduced; but where the curious reader has the opportunity of judging for himself, the task would be superfluous. We will, however, cite an opinion which, at every stage of our investigation, we have found to be true—that of an admirable judge, Mr. Price:—"The fidelity of Geoffrey of Monmouth in the execution of his labours, at least his scrupulous exactness in preparing the reader's mind for every important deviation from, or suppression of, his original, has been so satisfactorily established, that we might cite his example as an instance of good faith that would have done honour to a more critical age, and shining conspicuously amid the general laxity of his own."

In dismissing this celebrated translator, and the more celebrated controversy to which he has given rise, we heartily concur with the writer we are now reviewing: "I am persuaded, that from his days down to our own, a stone has not been flung at him by one better than himself."

We will not follow our author into his just criticism on the exclusive spirit of the Welsh antiquarians, especially of Dr. Owen Pugh, in his

dictionary. We have already alluded sufficiently to the labour with which the lexicographer sought the derivation of many words—not, as every school-boy could tell, from their Latin and Greek originals, but in some remote, often absurd, British primitive, as little akin to the word itself, either in meaning or construction, as any primitive in the Cherokee. Etymology, indeed, is no fit subject for a popular review; and we can venture it only where it can really throw light on history. Now, there are three or four instances in the volume before us deserving, for this very reason, of a passing attention, and therefore requiring to be excepted.—1. We have all read much about the origin of the words *Briton* and *Britannia*. Few of us are disposed to admit the story of *Prydain* and his colony, which is about as fabulous as that of Brutus and the Trojans. *Brithon*, which is said to be used in the plural only, and of which the meaning is *contentions, warriors*, may possibly be the source of the word, but we should rather prefer another etymology. *Brith* has the meaning of painted, tinted, variegated. In the language of Brittany, also, *brytho* signifies to paint; and in the same language, *britannia* and variegated have the same meaning. We are inclined to lay some stress on this derivation, because, as we all know, the ancient Britons were painted—*picti*; and from this circumstance the people were probably named. It is not likely that they would, in the first instance, so name themselves; and accordingly they have generally been called *Cymry* in their own language. That name was probably conferred by foreigners; *when*, can never be ascertained—but it was in existence long before the time of Cæsar. Yet whether this be, or be not, the true signification of the word, it is more natural than the one which Bochart has fetched from the Phœnician, designating this island as equivalent to Cassiterides, the *islands of tin*. Isidore tells us, that *Britannia* was named from a word in the language of the inhabitants; and though the synonyme of the word might be originally applied by strangers, we see no reason why it should not be subsequently adopted by the natives. Many people have been so named from their peculiarities, or from their location, and have ended by adopting the precise designation bestowed on them by foreigners. In this view of the case, the assertion of Isidore is some confirmation. A greater is to be found in the fact, that the natives did not call themselves *Britons* until long after the introduction of Christianity. But the country must have had a name long before the imposition of *Britannia*; and this must have been a *native* name. That name was probably *Albion*, which, as Pliny informs us, was the name of England *before* the other; and the *Alvion* of the Welsh, seems to be its natural derivation. 2. The theory that the inhabitants were called *Britons* from their habit of painting their bodies, derives additional confirmation from the fact, that the *Picts* themselves (*Picti*) were of Cymraic origin. The identity, or at least the close affinity, of the two, will not much longer be disputed by the historian. "There is no longer any disputing (says the author before us,) that the *Picts* proper were Britons, and that their dialect was nearly allied to that of the *Cymry*." In support of this assertion, however, he produces no proof, no reasoning. Yet the proofs are at hand. In the first place, the very habit of painting the body indicates an identity of origin. The *Picts* were the only British tribe that retained a habit formerly common to all the tribes, and, consequently, the distinction perpetuated the name. In the second place, the *Picts* of Bede's time, and prior to his period, were located between the Tweed and the Frith of Forth, between Solway Frith and the Clyde. And so were the

Britons. We do not say that other people were not located in the same region; but certain it is that they were the dominant nation. The most ancient Welsh remains,—those of Aneurin, Taliesin and Llywarch Hen,—distinctly mention several British principalities in the north. Three native princes reigned between the western border and the Clyde, viz. Rhydderch the Generous, Gwallog, and Morgant. Mynyddawr was the sovereign of a district probably bordering on the modern Edinburgh; Llywarch Hen himself had another called Argoed; Reged, which acknowledged for its chief, Urien, the patron of Taliesin, was somewhere on the eastern coast, north of the Humber; while Aneurin, the third great poet, was chief of the Gododin, a district certainly in the north, but the location of which we should vainly attempt to decide. To these we may add the region of a fourth princely poet, *Merddin*, or, as he is generally called, *Merlin*, who was a native of Cumbria, a kingdom which, in the sixth century, extended from the north of Lancashire to the Clyde. That *Merddin* was a Briton, nobody has ever ventured to deny: such he calls himself; but he also calls himself a *painted* man, a *Pict*, *Brithwr*. Deifyr and Bryneich, latinized into *Deiva* and *Bernicia*,—the former extending from the Humber to the Tyne, the latter from the Tyne to the Frith of Forth—had, at the period of Ida's descent, several chiefs, of whose names three have descended to us; while Cynedda and Cawr reigned somewhere in northern Scotland, most probably in what was subsequently called the kingdom of Strath-Clyde: Cawr, we may observe, was the father of the celebrated St. Gildas, and perhaps the brother of Aneurin, author of the *Gododin*. We may also observe that the exploits of some among these princes in resisting the invasion of the Saxons, have been immortalized by all the great bards we have mentioned, and in such a manner as to evince their personal acquaintance with the localities. Now, in addition to these presumptions, it is certain that the British princes north of the Tweed and the Solway Frith, were sometimes called kings of the *Picts*. But we are satisfied with the general fact, that as several of them must have occupied the localities assigned to the *Picts*, they must be the same or a kindred people. In the second place, the two apostles of the *Picts*, Ninian and Kentigern, were both Britons; yet both also are frequently called *Picts*; and from their biographies we may certainly infer, that in their missionary labours they required no interpreter. Again, St. Gildas is always called a Briton; yet certain it is, that he was born in the very heart of the Pictish power, near Dumbarton. His father, as already observed, was Cawr, one of the princes we have before enumerated. Many incidental passages, both from the Classic and from the British writers, might be adduced in support of the close affinity, at least, between the people; and the aggregate, independent of primitive testimony, would, we are convinced, form a mass of evidence sufficient to subdue the most sceptical. In treating of St. Ninian, rightly did father Alford infer that the *Picts* were no other than Britons; and apposite is the question of the Bollandist editors of that saint: "*Fuerintne autem Picti non alii quam Britones?*" 3. That the Caledonians were also Britons, is equally certain. In the first place, they too *painted*,—a proof of their identity with the *Picts*. In the second, they are distinctly called *Picts* by several ancient writers: Dio Cassius (lib. 17.) proves that they were so; for he tells us that the *Britons* were divided into two people, the Caledonians and the *Meate*. Again, Ammianus Marcellinus shows the identity of the Caledonians and *Picts*, by dividing the people into *Picti* Caledones and *Picti* Vecturiones. Thus the Caledonians were at once *Picts* and Britons, and

the conclusion as to the identity of both is inevitable. The very word *Caledonian* is British,—*Celyddon*, the country of wood. Sometimes they are called *Du-caledones* by the Greek and Roman writers; but this prefix *du*, signifying *black*, or *dark-coloured*, and doubtless alluding to the colour of their skins, only confirms their identity with the Picts. It is not improbable that some Belgic colonies were established in Scotland: we know that several from Ireland, called *Scoti*, were. Into the interminable question, however, as to the race of the *Scoti*,—whether they were originally Britons, or Scythians,—we will not enter.

We have now alluded to most of the subjects contained in the Introduction, which is quite as important as the work itself. In another paper, we shall advert to a few of such in the remaining chapters as afford any ground for criticism. If the pages over which we have passed do not add much to our previous stock of knowledge, and if they are pervaded by a spirit of prejudice sufficient to spoil what little they do communicate, still they are the result of much diligence, and, in general, of very good sense. And we must not forget that, to the actual state of British literature, scepticism is the best touchstone that can be applied. Credulity, blind, childish credulity, has reigned long enough: and it is high time for *doubt*, the foundation of all true knowledge, to exercise its inevitable effect, viz. to call forth research and criticism, without which the subject can never be understood.

Tales of Fashion and Reality. By Caroline Frederica Beauclerk and Henrietta Mary Beauclerk. First Series. Smith & Elder.

FROM the multiplicity of novels which are almost hourly appearing, we are compelled to confine our notices within the narrowest limits. We had accordingly made a memorandum to forget this volume of tales; but more than one consideration has induced us to change our intention. In the first place, it has been made the town talk in a degree that has excited no common curiosity; and a great deal of very respectable wonderment has been flung away upon it, as it seems to us, not very reasonably. This alone might justify, if not require from us, a brief notice of the work; but there is connected with it extrinsic matter of more weighty concernment than the merits of a book of ephemeral amusement, let those merits be as considerable as they may. The primary source of the notice which the *Tales of Fashion and Reality* have obtained from the public, is the fact that they are the production of the scions of a noble house, of persons well known in the world of fashion. The next cause of notoriety is, that the authors are two *very* young ladies, not long emancipated from the discipline of the nursery; and their third and last notability is the singularities of style which mark their composition, and which are in strange contrast and contradiction to what men commonly suppose to be the position and habits of young ladies of quality.

As to mere literary criticism, that is soon dispatched. From writers of such tender years, imitation is the most that can be expected; originality, either of invention or of thought, is totally out of the question. Then, as for the subjects, what could two young ladies know, either of the world or its inhabitants, beyond the drawing-rooms in which they are exhibited? In what could they feel an interest, but in the great business of their sex and age, love,—love modified as it is by the necessities and the circumstances of the exclusive society in which they live and have their being? The scope and character of the work are therefore determined by a rigorous necessity. In like manner, it might have been concluded beforehand, with an almost

mathematical certainty, that any approach to development should not be looked for; that the world, the authors' world, and its appearances, must have been viewed only in its broadest outlines, in its widest generalities; and that the tales must be skeletons, divested of all proportion and form. But, all this being premised, the work, all childish as it is, is not by any means without merit, nor unmarked by indications of latent capability, the source of better things, should time and circumstance ever combine to call it from a potential, to an actual being. The wonder of the case is, not that two young and inexperienced girls should have failed to compose a book fit for the public eye, but that they should have been able to work the scanty materials of their limited sphere of observation into anything like a printable shape.

The merit, however, and the rarity, whatever they may be, would in all probability have been overlooked, and the tales, maugre all their means and appliances of fashionable notoriety, would have remained unknown to fame, beyond the circle of acquaintances and friends, but for the rather unusual vehemence of language, and of passion, which has set readers staring, and has furnished them with a subject for much silly *persiflage*. It would seem, both from the words and the actions of the young lady heroines of this volume, that the authors had no idea that there was such a thing as restraint or self-respect in human nature. The first wish of the heart is embodied in deed; while the slightest disappointment in the execution of the hasty purpose, is the cause of measureless rage and violence—confounding all distinctions of rank, sex, or station. Thus, we have a young lady exclaiming, "*Lay a finger on me who dares, and by heavens I'll dig his eyes out*;" and again, a nobleman thus addresses a lady, whom a minute before he was going to marry, "*Avant, fiend! quit my sight for ever: I would face ten score of devils, rather than behold thee*." * * "Thou liest, base reptile! 'twas all thy doing," &c. Then, for the merely coarse: "She wishes every one to think her a *dear little thing*, which you cannot reconcile yourself to, for she is like a grenadier in petticoats. She is at daggers-drawn with me; for the vulgar creature once told me, that she did not *think small beer* of herself; of course not, I replied, for you are *brown stout*." * * "This made me look at the width and breadth of her foot, which to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, was a complete *beetle squasher*."

These, we suppose, are among the peculiarities which have contributed to give wings to the fame of these tales; it being thought by many a rather good joke that such a vocabulary should have been at the command of the fair authoresses. We have some reason however for believing, that the case is not quite singular, and that most young persons, however attentively they have been brought up, contrive to pick up a good deal more than it is wise or discreet to talk of. It is matter of notoriety that female lunatics, in all ranks of life, frequently evince a cognizance with ideas and with language, which it would seem utterly impossible they ever could have heard uttered in their presence; and this remark is of the last importance, as illustrative of the wisdom of laying the foundations of female conduct in a childish ignorance of the realities of the world. Such ignorance is not to be obtained—little at least short of a miracle is requisite to effect that end. If the coarsest vulgarisms of the populace can (and we know that they do) find their way into the most secluded nurseries and school-rooms, so also must a knowledge of a vast many other particulars, which we vainly hope to hide from our children, and still more vainly attempt to exclude, as a means of mental and moral discipline. But if such an end were attainable, pa-

rents in general take the very worst means of arriving at it. The vulgarities and coarsenesses, which surprise the readers of these tales, are part and parcel of the minds of that humble class of females, who are so heedlessly brought round young women in the nursery and the school-room. Pains are taken to degrade the condition of the instructress. The salary paid her is most paltry; she is banished from the society of the heads of the family, and her function is not deemed *respectable*: how, then, is it likely that any female fit for the task will submit to its humiliations? We say nothing of servants, and the intercourse which, whether forbidden or permitted, does take place between them and the children in almost all families.

We consider, then, the volume before us as good evidence of particulars, which, in a less degree perhaps, are common to most young women in the writer's walk of life; and we consider, that it has great value as an exponent of the sort of stuff which fills the minds of young ladies of fashion—of the sort of education by which they are prepared to become the partners of men of intellect, the mothers and guides of a future generation. The evil is one of deep and serious import, for it strikes at the very root of society. Such as are the mothers, such must be the children: such as are the wives, such will be the husbands. Frivolity and vice cannot abide at home, without corrupting all within its sphere; and, when home ceases to be agreeable, it is too much to expect that it will long remain respectable. The world is now taking new forms, and education must be re-modelled to fit the rising generation for its encounter. How ill adapted it is at present to the exigencies of the times, the volume before us speaks "trumpet-tongued"; and, as example is more powerful than precept, we wish that such a striking specimen should be extensively studied. It is not alone the obvious defect of moral development in these young ladies, but the wonderful ignorance of all things beyond a particular exclusive circle, which is so calculated to excite surprise. The world of everyday life—the world of labour, of industry, of struggle, is not even dreamed of in their philosophy. "Oh! how ardently do I wish," says the heroine of *'The Journal of a Debutante'*, "that every one had a competency of 4000*l.* a year; then there would be no arguing of fathers and mothers, no breaking of girls' hearts, no family dissensions, and very few unhappy marriages." Here is no thought of *earning* money, still less of the possibility of an existence unsupported by "4000*l.* a year." This is the pervading character of the whole book: wherever the humbler ranks of life are alluded to, the trait is a caricature, or an absurdity; it is a representation of something heard of, imagined—or, at best, something read of in a book. Yet such, we believe, is the ignorance of most "young ladies of fashion," even in families of no very decided aristocratic pretension; and these, once again, are the destined mothers of a coming generation! How their sons are to meet the contingencies of Reform, is a question of no ordinary import.

It is, however, impossible to peruse the work before us, without being deeply interested in the fate of its joint authors:—two young and innocent beings, thrust upon the world with minds so empty of all really-useful knowledge—so guiltless of one idea concerning their own nature, or the real bearings of society, its duties, and its rights, and upon their own position and prospects. The very excess and extravagance of the love scenes they have described, afford conclusive evidence that they have drawn from an imaginary, and not a real world—that they have created from the head, and not from the heart. It is simplicity, and not corruption, that has con-

ducted their pen; and the talent which they have evinced, if common justice were done to it, would fit them for higher ends than those even of successful authorship. With pain are we compelled thus to allude to circumstances of a personal nature, the fault is with those (if such there be) who could have prevented the publication, and did not. As respects the public, the opportunity for useful instruction is too precious to be lost; and, as regards the individuals, we would fain hope that it is not yet too late to qualify them something better for the parts they are destined to perform in life, by remodelling their too obviously imperfect and defective education.

Madrid in 1835. Sketches of the Metropolis of Spain and its Inhabitants, and of Society and Manners in the Peninsula. By a Resident Officer. 2 vols. Saunders & Otley.

IN these days of gross literary imposition, the book before us has one great recommendation: it is written by a gentleman who really knows Madrid, who has resided, not a few days, but some years, in that capital. Of Spain, indeed, he has little knowledge; and, therefore, one portion of the title is censurable: but, we suspect, the blame does not attach to the author, who exhibits throughout a candid though morose spirit, and one the very opposite to book-making. However, for two such volumes the range is wide enough; and so that we have one subject tolerably treated, we have no wish to complain that others are omitted, seeing that they could not have been introduced without encroaching on the space required by the prominent one. That it is so treated, notwithstanding the absence of everything like sound reflection, and of everything like historical acquaintance with the place, we readily admit. Glad indeed should we have been to perceive the union of these advantages with that which the writer undeniably possesses—a facility, amounting in many instances to a felicity of observation on the surface of things; but, as neither philosophers nor scholars are likely to take up their abode in perhaps the most uncomfortable capital of Europe, especially in the present circumstances of the people, let us rather be grateful for what is given, than displeased for what has been withheld.

The approach to the metropolis of Spain, on any other side than that of Alcala, is not likely to impress the stranger with much admiration for the place. Now and then a good building, enter it in whatever direction you please, may be seen; but the meanness of the houses in general, the filthiness of the streets, the utter inattention to everything like convenience, the idle, ragged, profligate groups assembled in your path, inspire you with disgust. The sentiment is not likely to be diminished when you perceive the miserable accommodations of your inn, the inattention of landlord and waiters to your most pressing wants, and yet the exorbitant charge he is sure to make for the absence of what every traveller has a right to expect. Even nature vies with men in rendering the place disagreeable. In winter, owing to the elevation of the place, and the dreary wastes over which the winds have to pass, the cold is intense: in summer, the absence of shade, and the solar reflection from the chalky soil, render the heat intolerable. "Nine months of winter, and three of hell," is a homely, but true, proverb to describe the year in Madrid. And, to complete the delights of the place, we may add, that, in the former season, you have no stoves, no grates, nothing but charcoal braziers, yielding about as much heat as half-a-dozen tobacco-pipes; and that, in the latter, you have abundance of fleas, bugs, and other pleasant company. Some foreign residents, indeed—for the old inhabitants are

used to the thing, just as eels to being skinned—have endeavoured to find a remedy for the evil by taking a new house; but, alas! most of these erections being of wood, the front and rear are soon cracked by the heat of the sun, and in the vermin rush, with, apparently, as much triumph as soldiers who have stormed a town. We never knew an Englishman who, after a twelvemonth's residence in this "capital of Spain and the Indies," did not heartily wish himself in St. Giles's, where the accommodations are certainly superior, for one-tenth of the money. The Spaniard, like a good Catholic as he is, is annoyed by none of these torments: perhaps they are retained from considerations purely religious. A great portion, at least, imagine, that if they are happy in this world, they cannot possibly be so in the next; that vice must be punished here or hereafter: and, to avert the latter, as more indefinable, and therefore more dreaded, they consent to suffer a measure of chastisement in this world. Hence the penances, especially the use of the discipline, so frequent in certain Catholic districts, most of all in Spain—hence, too, we suppose, the filth and vermin of Madrid.

A mere walk in the streets may, in the same manner, help to diminish the intensity of future penal fires. The noise of the muleteers (*arrieros*) and of the regular carriers (*ordinarios*) vieing in sound with the bells hung round the neck of the beasts—the barking of dogs—the abominable pavement of some streets—the crowds that intercept your passage—the impossibility of crossing from one side to the other, until an endless line of four and two-legged beasts, moving with about the rapidity of a snail, has passed on, surely afford some exercise for the patience. Then you have all possible perfumes, from horse-dung to something not exactly to be named to "ears polite;" a stable next door to a palace,—and in the principal streets too: here, half-a-dozen dogs, laid down, and pretending sleep, but sure to bite you if you tread too near—there, a coterie of frail females (for, alas! Catholic Madrid has nearly as many in proportion as heretical London) quarrelling about their gallants: on this side, a number of straggling robbers by profession, ready for secret theft or open violence according to the occasion—on that, a few of the municipal police, scarcely observing them, or observing only to share in the spoils. Every stranger is known—whence he comes, whither he is going, what property he has with him; and, if he escape in the city, he will not a few leagues after he has left the walls. The constable (*alguazil*), in fact, is the lawful associate of the *caballero ladrón* (the gentleman robber), a profession of honourable repute. But, then, it must be on a respectable scale. Steal a dollar or two, and the officer of justice, indignant at the meanness of the attempt, no less than at the inhumanity of depriving a poor man of his all, will assuredly vindicate the laws by sending the base culprit to the *garote*. Steal a few thousand dollars, and your fortune is made: not only the *alguazil*, but the worshipful alcade, nay, even the mightier corregidor, will bow as he meets you. If there be something base in the small, there is much that is magnificent in the great exploit. This is similar to what we find in the French prisons. Nobody that has pilfered on a small scale is respected by his companions in durance vile; but, if his success has been splendid, he is regarded with admiration: so, at least, we learn from the 'Memoirs of Vidocq.' Something very like this may be found in our metropolitan prisons. If a debtor be immured for a small sum, he is unnoticed; if for a large one, his society is courted by all in the place—nay, he is regarded with reverence by the warden or the marshal. But, in this respect, Spain is above France or England. There, the muleteer and the carrier,

the merchant and the passenger, are compelled to pay tribute to the freebooters of the district—nay, we have reason to believe, that many a proud Don is forced to pay them for permission to allow his agricultural produce a safe transit between his estate and the market.

The streets of Madrid are, in other respects, more picturesque than our own. Not the least striking is the contrast between the contiguous shops; but, a more amusing one is furnished by the numerous callings, which are followed in the porches of houses, the entrance of alleys and passages, and along the walls on each side of the street. If, unlike Monmouth Street in London, cellars are not to be hired, there is still a greater advantage in paying no rent at all. Tailors, shoemakers, button-sellers, haberdashers, drapers, jewellers, and other craftsmen, here ply their occupation from morning to night. A few hooks thrust into the wall, and half-a-dozen shelves placed on them (generally bound together), complete the furniture of the street shops; in five minutes the vendibles are displayed on them, and a noise arises that would set Babel at defiance. Whatever may be the disposition of the graver tradesmen within the houses, who have large rents and considerable taxes to raise, most of these houseless vagabonds are merry enough.

Our author seems to envy the happiness of the cobblers, who, in all countries, are certainly the most jovial fellows on earth. He is at a loss to conceive whence they derive so inexhaustible a fund of animal spirits—their proneness to joke and sing. Does it arise from their absolute want of property, from their having nothing to care for except the old shoes of their customers?—or from the peace of their domestic hearths? In the latter respect they are enviable: never was house so well kept as a cobbler's; his *strap*, which he is always ready to apply to the shoulders of his helpmate, is the great instrument of his comfort. As he is great at home, he has probably a notion that he is so everywhere: at all events, he has philosophy enough to keep in good-humour with himself; and, it is more for his own sake than for his neighbour's, that he raises the harmony he does—his hammer and his voice vieing with each other which shall produce the greatest quantum of noise. If you have an errand to be run, he is your man: down go awl and last, up starts Crispin, receives your commands, posts away as blithely as a greyhound, and when he returns, resumes his seat in the dark, often damp, passage, throwing open his shirt collar, so that the strong current of air (sufficient to give him a rheum in the throat and mouth,) may play upon him as he sings. The tailor is less noisy in his mirth: he plies his needle, casting occasionally a look at the passengers, and at the old clothes, which he has suspended for their admiration. The members of these and other humble professions (they call themselves *maestros*) dine, as well as work, in the air. Little is the time lost in cooking. Out comes the charcoal-pot, it is lighted in a moment, a tripod placed over it, and the *puchero*—an earthen vessel—filled with beans, peas, lard, or bacon—is soon made to throw its odoriferous steams in every direction. Some have their siesta, or mid-day nap; but, then, a watch must be set, or the property, such as it is, of the *tienda* will diminish.

Look at that peasant who has just arrived with produce; he delivers it, leaves his vehicle in safety, and looks out for a place where he may cook his dinner. The first porch (if unoccupied) will suit him, and where almost every house has one he need not seek long. He takes off his *manta*, which is merely a party-coloured blanket, about eight feet long and four wide. In one corner of it is wrapped his *puchero* and charcoal tripod, both together under five pounds in weight; a light is

struck, a fire made, the pot boils, the meal is dispatched. When this is over, the *manta* is drawn round him, a stone or piece of wood (if there be one at hand) makes an excellent pillow, and an hour's siesta enables him to rise and trudge after his business. Possibly, however, he may be awakened by the thrumming of a guitar; he starts, rubs his eyes, and listens with evident satisfaction. If there be music vocal as well as instrumental, he rises, and, with his blanket, gathers round the cause of the harmony. The cobbler stays his hammer; the tailor's needle remains in the garment; the young girl who is selling toothpicks assumes an attitude of uncommon attention; the jeweller looks alternately at his stock and the assemblage of unwashed; the substantial shopkeeper stands in his portal; the respectable citizen halts in his walk; and all listen with delighted ears until the conclusion of the song, when the appearance of the begging-cap sends all away more expeditiously than a shower of rain.

But while thus gazing you run some risk. In Madrid, nine things out of ten are done on horse-back, ass-back, or mule-back; and you may chance to be trodden down by half-a-dozen, two or three abreast, whose riders have not leisure for this concord of sweet sounds. The butcher's boy, seated between two panniers—a couple of sheep in one, half an ox in another—may be going, *en poste*, to serve some religious fraternity, or some worshipful alcade; a hundred to one but the projecting leg of beef will become entangled in your coat, and tear a large hole in it, or bear you along a few yards; and if you escape this inconvenience, certainly the mastiff, which is chained to the meat-saddle, will make one in your leg. Possibly a greater misfortune may come upon you, if you have not sufficient nimbleness to leap into the porch of a shop. Twenty or thirty asses, at full gallop—some in the street, some on the footpath—are no uncommon sight; and if, as is frequently the case, they carry panniers filled with lime, you cannot, for the cloud of dust, perceive the danger until it is on you. After your ribs have sustained a good trampling, you may rise, and swear to be revenged on the conductor; but he is perched on the foremost ass, and out of sight before you have rubbed your eyes. By the way, the ass is no unimportant member of the Spanish population. He is to be seen every where; and he has apparently as much gratification in listening to the street-concerts as any Christian present. From the whisking of his shorn tail, the steady gaze of his eyes, and, above all, the pricking of his ears, you would swear that he was familiar with every tune. He, too, seems to enjoy the siesta; for when, as frequently happens, his conductor spreads the *manta* in the shade, and his own fore legs are tied together to prevent his wandering, both lay down together on the pavement, with an unconcern at passing events perfectly philosophic.

All this, gentle reader—if you, too, are a philosopher—might be supported, if the comforts within the houses compensated for the disagreeables without; but your bed, which has served perhaps a thousand before you, and is only a wool mattress, is so full of hard lumps, as to rival the flinty couch of an ascetic hermit. You have no curtains, no carpets, except a coarse matting in winter: you have, perhaps, three chairs, with rush bottoms, and so ricketty, that if you exceed seven stone in weight, down you go. If, in addition, you have no glass, except one which, when you look at it, makes you suspect that you are enchanted, and no other table than your bed, you need not repine, since you have the consolation of knowing that every other lodger in the same house,—nay, in the same city—is similarly situated. Add, that in the

depth of winter you have, as before intimated, no other heat than what is furnished by the *brassero*, and you may sigh for the capacious well-furnished apartments, and the ox-roasting hearths, of England. The truth is, that, with all our taxes, our heavy rents, our dear living—nay, even our everlasting political excitement, we are, so far as regards the external circumstances of life, the most comfortable people on earth; and if we are not the happiest, something must be allowed for our dispositions.

It is so in our diet, no less than in our houses. If, reader, you have a good appetite—and when you travel you must have, unless you are on the point of becoming yourself food for worms—you will find a Madrid breakfast somewhat meagre—about one ounce of bread and one cup of chocolate—the cup so small, that if twenty times filled it would not equal an English quart. At noon you may, to be sure, make a substantial meal on rice or macaroni soup. Probably at the sight of such fare, which you will swear is insufficient to keep a lap-dog alive, you may order some *vaca* or *carnero* (beef or mutton): but are your teeth strong as when you were twenty, and your stomach for digestion equal to that of an ostrich?—if not, beware of animal food. The fowls are still worse, for, whatever be your strength, you will have some difficulty in separating the joints: you may, to be sure, succeed, by imitating Cowper's ingenious cook,—that is, by opening the door, clapping one leg into the crevice formed by the jamb, closing it carefully, and then, with all your might, pulling at the other leg. The new wine, too, will turn sour on your stomach—nay, will produce many a wry contortion of face before it has descended the gullet. If you would live well, take the advice of a traveller:—always keep a few hundred skins of leather in *soak*, so as to be ready for pot or spit whenever wanted; and be assured, that when salted, peppered, garlicked, stewed, and so forth, with really good vegetables, they will afford you a more tender and more nutritious meal than you can expect from flesh or fowl. As you do not love water, (for what Englishman ever found any that could be called good?) we cannot, in this respect, advise you; you may mix it with *milk*. "Milk and water!" you will reply, "what a penance!" Please yourself, but if you substitute spirituous liquors for milk, make your last will without delay, for the fever will not spare you. Nor is there much to be gained by flying into a passion with the place or the people; even your servants will laugh at you for losing temper. Of all the philosophical schools on earth, the most effectual is the Spanish capital.

"These *criados* (servants) are born to put any reasonable man at his wit's end, and to lose all patience. Are you pressed for time, they profit by the *apropos* to augment their natural slowness. Inquire anxiously for anything, and, without stirring from their place, or chair if seated, they exclaim, *No lo sé* (I do not know), a yawn, or scratching the head, softening down the intelligence. The idea of their bestirring themselves, and taking pains to satisfy your inquiries, is altogether fiction, and not to be looked for in Madrid real life."

This is pleasant! If you swear, the domestic will coolly observe, "What a shocking temper!" Possibly, if you are choleric, you may use your foot or fist; but if you do, you may fully expect a visit from "the gentlemen of the road." With *him* revenge, with *them* profit, is the object; so that, between the two parties, your throat and purse are in jeopardy.

In this easily-duped country, there has been, and is, much anxiety respecting the Spanish loans. Not one penny, we fear, of the capital lent by us to the government will ever be repaid; we doubt even if one penny of the interest may ever be expected. First, there is not the means,

and if there were, we doubt if there be the disposition, to pay a single *maravedi*. The integrity of England is a part of its commercial character, and the result of ages of scrupulous honour in fulfilling its engagements, and universally, from the Exchequer to a turnpike trust; but no such feeling ever for a moment existed under the despotic governments of Spain. If any one, notwithstanding, hopes for a better result than we can promise, let him attend to the conduct of the Madrid corporation towards its creditors,—Spaniards though they be. The sums borrowed by it, at a certain rate of interest, are in amount very great; yet what is the result?

"The bad faith of this body towards its creditors is without example. Not only is the interest of the debt not regularly paid, but none has been forthcoming for years. Hundreds of families, who invested sufficient sums to live respectably on the interest, are literally starving in consequence; while their worship, unmindful of the obligation, are ready to squander away money on the most trivial occasions, and to offer *fêtes* and shows to royalty."

Yet, reader, the annual revenues of this corporation are said to exceed eight hundred thousand pounds! It does not even pay its tradesmen. Does the Spanish court? On this subject our author, "a resident officer," dares not speak out; but we know that the court does no such thing. Nothing, in fact, can equal the corruption alike of it and of the corporation; both principals and subs agree in abstracting the better portion of whatever stream is to run into the treasury. Corruption, indeed, is universal. Does any Spaniard wish for a post under government? he must fee, and largely fee, the head of the department. Does he apply for a commission in the army? without a handsome *regalo*, or present, he may apply in vain. Does a city,—Barcelona or Cadiz, for instance,—petition for certain commercial interests? that petition is always accompanied by a large offer, in case the privilege be granted. Thus, in 1829, when the latter city was made a free port, four millions of reals were previously received by the man who then possessed the royal ear. Since then Barcelona and St. Sebastian have offered similar gratuities for the same privilege; but as both offers have been considered too low, the negotiation continues. No canal or public road can be opened without the same mode of corruption; in short, nothing which government can grant, is ever granted without it. These presents are considered, though not called, the perquisites of the minister; or rather let us say, of the royal favourite. They are, however, received secretly,—a proof that there is still shame left in the Spanish courtiers; and where there is shame, there may, in time, be honesty. But the corruption is not confined to courtiers:—

"A poor widow, [says the Resident Officer,] whose only son had enlisted contrary to the regulations, and without her consent, came to solicit his discharge. She travelled several leagues on foot, with a large basket filled with fat capons and a mountain ham, as peace-offerings, to present before she opened her errand. In this instance the suit was successful, at the same time the present was declined; a piece of good fortune which does not happen once in a thousand, and of the reality of which the poor woman was with difficulty convinced."

This, the reader may observe, is a good omen. Alas, no! the act of *generosity*, though our author is wholly silent on the subject, was not performed by a Spaniard, but by an Englishman in the military service of the country,—in fact, by our author himself.

Patriotism, in this most Catholic city, has an acceptance somewhat different from our own. Of course we are speaking generally, and not in reference to this particular moment of time, or forgetfully of many most excellent men, who

have long been struggling for the moral improvement of their country, and, therefore, to put down the old despotism which had corrupted and ruined it. But, with this reservation, patriotism in Spain is generally made to depend on the permanency or the dismissal of the ministry which happens to be in power. The touchstone is very obvious: has it served, or is it likely to serve, me and my connexions? it is the most patriotic, most enlightened, most virtuous ministry on earth,—the only one that can save Spain. Has it refused to serve me and them? it is unworthy of all respect, and every patriot must pray for its removal. Hear a group of real patriots in the streets:—

"When is this ministry to fall, I should be glad to know?" said a sallow, disappointed man, with his cloak up to his eyes. No business done—none, absolutely. I, who am talking to you, have a *solicitud pendiente* (a suit pending) for these three months. *Que se yo?* (how do I know?) was the cautious reply of one person. It is one of the advantages of this country, and especially of the capital, to have so many *pretendientes*, so many doors open to intrigue, that, not unfrequently, friends who meet together every day, have views and interests which they carefully conceal from one another; and as all ministers are good if they serve them until the object of their attack falls, no one dares frankly to state his real opinion of his merits. The result of the glance on this occasion was not satisfactory: only one voice was heard to say "*Buena trucha!*" (a good trout for sure). "Well, well, señores!" continued the first speaker, "I see you are all afraid to speak,—all in good time. Thank God, I have more blood in my veins than that. Besides, I know where I get my news from. He is out to a certainty! Not that I have much to complain of, although it must be known to you all that the employment I looked for was the justest thing in the world. I rejoice for the country's sake—I am a true patriot! Notwithstanding, how exactly that little place would have suited me! I had everything prepared. I say nothing of twenty pounds of the best *Sarragozza* chocolate, of boxes of sweetmeats, cigars, and *entre hermanos*—(among friends)—what is really enough to drive an honest man mad—two mantillas of Lyons lace!" "*Que ricos!*" (what a rich present!) "Yes, they cost me, brought here to Madrid, three thousand reals (thirty pounds sterling) a piece; and all this thrown away among agents and clerks and understrappers! There is that *pizarro* (jade) of a Dolores, *que me besava como a un Santo Christo* (who kissed me as she would a crucifix) on receiving one of the mantillas. She swore my business was as sure as if I had my nomination in my pocket; trust to people after that! How that scapegrace, Pepe, the *escribiente*, savoured the torones and some flasks of *Curaçoa* I was idiot enough to send him! I saw him this morning. Had he not the impudence to tell me, that now he had reflected on my affair, his only surprise was, how I could ask for such things! could I be in my right senses?" "*Ha visto usted?*" (was there ever anything like it?) cried the whole *corrillo* (group), emboldened by the confident tone of the jilted speaker. "I shall spend at least thirty reals in oil lamps for my balconies!" said one: "I have seen more innocent men dragged through the streets." "This hand!" (exclaims a second) "shall punish him: did he not tell my *rita*, only three days ago, that her presence was more wanted at home than in his antechamber? Now is my turn!"

The fall from power in Spain is more conspicuous than anywhere else. One day a thousand beset the minister's levee, proud of the slightest glance he deigns to afford them,—all prostrate at his feet. The next, if out of place, not a hat is moved; he encounters only the most insulting stares; and is jostled by those whom he has offended, that is, whom he has not served. "In other countries," observes our author, "a man who has enjoyed high office for any length of time, retains some personal consideration—leaves, at least, some grateful *protégé* behind him in office, who may hereafter do him service." Such a man, in England, is often more respected than if he had

retained power,—nay, would be despised if he had retained it; but in Spain, "things are managed in quite a different way." For this difference there is cause enough. In the first place, the Spanish minister has been generally—almost always—an adventurer, without money, worth, or connexions; and when he lost his adventurous dignity, he lost everything which, in the estimation of the people, constituted a claim to respect. In the second, when in power his object has been so notoriously his own advantage and that of his friends, that if any one had avowed his intention to act on a line of good useful policy,—to advance the prosperity of the nation, to acquire the public confidence by his measures, to merge his private interest in that of the whole, not a Spaniard would have believed him; and if he really had done so, scarcely a Spaniard would have praised him. It was considered not only justifiable, but perfectly right, nay, positively binding on him, to make his fortune with the least possible delay. Could he foresee the future? Why injure himself for the sake of men who would not thank him? How great the contrast between such a man and an English minister, who may, and often does, retire from office with more satisfaction, and a greater sense of dignity, than when he entered on it! Equally great is the contrast furnished by the men when in power. The Englishman adopts the plans of his predecessors, if they square with his own policy; the Spaniard uniformly rejects them. The former, being responsible to the nation, is the more cautious in his proceedings; the latter, feeling that he was nothing, that he had no responsibility, that he was a mere instrument of the crown, cares not what he does, so that he consult his private emolument. But we are sick of the subject; nor should we have noticed it, except to illustrate by it the character of the people. Such as the people is, such is the government,—a proposition which we are apt, unphilosophically enough, to reverse.

COMMERCE OF THE BLACK SEA.

Report on the Commerce of the Ports of New Russia, Moldavia, and Wallachia. By J. de Hagemeister; translated by T. F. Triebner.

[Second Notice.]

It is only within the last half century that the attention of Europe has been recalled to the commerce of the Black Sea; the Turks jealously closed the Bosphorus against all foreigners until 1774, when it was opened to the Russians by the treaty of Kainarji. Taganrog, on the Sea of Azov, was the naval station selected by Peter the Great, but more than twenty years elapsed before it rose into any commercial importance. From its contiguity to the centre of civilized Russia, it would probably be the chief place of import, but for the difficulties which attend the navigation of the sea of Azov. Kherson, on the mouth of the Dnieper, was selected as a military and trading post, in 1778; but the hopes of the founders were frustrated by the insalubrity of its climate, and the wretchedness of its harbour. At length, in 1792, Odessa was founded on the bay of the Tartar village, Kajibi, and its rapid advance sufficiently proves the excellence of the choice. The situation, climate, &c., of this port, together with its statistics, have been described very fully in last year's volume (p. 267); we may, however, notice as a proof of the suddenness with which it rose into importance, that while in 1795 the total value of its imports and exports did not exceed 68,000 roubles, in 1794 they amounted to 208,000 roubles.† It was only at the beginning of the present century, that the nations of Western Europe obtained permission to pass the Bosphorus; they began to trade ex-

tensively in grain, which rose into great demand on account of the wars occasioned by the French revolution. Odessa being the place of export for Southern Russia and Poland, became the great mart for the corn trade. In 1803 it exported 600,000 chetwerts of grain, at five silver roubles the chetwert; and in 1805, 771,600 at six silver roubles the chetwert. The wars with France and Turkey greatly checked the growth of the Euxine commerce, but it began to revive after the general peace, which produced as great a change in the trade as it did in the political divisions of Europe. The state of Levantine commerce at this epoch is very well described by Mr. Hagemeister.

"At this epoch the face of the world had undergone an entire change. Spain and France had lost almost all their colonies. The republics of Genoa and of Venice had disappeared from the scene of politics. The Ottoman Porte was rapidly falling into decay. In Spain, impoverished and depopulated, the consumption of foreign produce had been much diminished. France, reduced within her own territory, was compelled to abandon her connection with the Levant, whence she had drawn a supply of various articles of luxury, giving in exchange both money and the produce of her soil. After the peace, the higher kinds of industry naturalized themselves there; and, in lieu of receiving manufactured produce from the ports of the Levant, she herself became the exporter, seeking the raw material in those countries which were able, by their proximity, to contribute to the maintenance of her manufactures; and, in the business of the supply of these, Southern Russia became engaged."

Metals and furs formerly ranked next to grain in the exports of Odessa, but these articles have been abandoned to the Baltic ports, where they can be supplied cheaper.

"The commerce of the Black Sea, however, has been well compensated for their loss by numberless articles of trade drawn from the provinces of the south and west of Russia, such as wool, wax, hempen cordage, flax, linseed, hempseed, and various other seeds from which oil is obtained. These articles are rapidly giving a new feature to our commerce. By the Custom-house statements, their value as articles of exportation, in 1815, with the single exception of cordage, did not reach, at Odessa, 250,000 roubles. In 1832 the value of these exports exceeded 5,000,000 roubles. In 1833 and 1834 they became the staple articles of our commerce; and we may, I think, calculate on a period not very remote, when grain shall be no longer considered our principal export article. Indeed, for some time past, the supply of the articles above mentioned, has fallen considerably short of the demand."

It is indeed certain that Odessa has not been injured by the loss of the metal and fur trade, though this transfer of commerce has laid the foundation of much national jealousy between northern and southern Russia; and it is far from improbable, that the Emperor, at no very distant period, will be compelled to make his election between the Black Sea and the Baltic. When Odessa was declared a free port, there were loud complaints from the mercantile establishments on the Gulf of Finland, and these are not likely to be diminished by the encouragement given to foreigners who settle at the southern port. But Odessa, independent of its foreign trade, contains within itself some important commercial advantages.

"In the coasting trade of the Black Sea, two steam-vessels, each of 70 horse power, are sent out from this port; and two others, of betwixt 80 to 100 horse power, ply betwixt Odessa and Constantinople. There are, besides, five maritime insurance companies; one, with a capital of 800,000 roubles, and two others, with that of 50,000 roubles each; which, though they confine themselves chiefly to coasting risks in the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoff, nevertheless sometimes undertake insurances to all the ports of Southern Russia. Foreign vessels, however, are but very seldom underwritten at Odessa.

† A chetwert is equal to 5.992 Winchester bushels.

† The silver rouble is worth about 3s. 2½d.; the bank rouble, in which all accounts are kept, is only about 11d.

"The ordinary rates of insurances, according to the season at which they are effected, are as follows:

"1st. On the hull, &c., of vessels.	
For a year certain $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 per cent.	
For a month	$\frac{1}{4}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$ —
"2ndly. On goods.	
For Constantinople	1 to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.
the Archipelago	$\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{3}{4}$ —
the Ionian Islands	$\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{3}{4}$ —
Leghorn, Genoa, & Marseilles	$\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{3}{4}$ —
Redout Kale	3 — —
London	3 — 5 —

A new branch of commerce has been very recently called into existence by the English and Dutch merchants, which promises to rise into great importance.

"The exportation of linseed from the Black Sea, which, in 1830, was not more than 6,000 chetwerts, rose in 1833, to 70,000, more than 65,000 of which were shipped entirely from Odessa. The importation of 1834 was in some degree checked by the bad harvest of the preceding year. These articles now begun to be sent no longer to Trieste: the English drew them direct from the Black Sea, and their demand considerably exceeded the stocks on the spot. The failure of the crop of flax-seed was, in some measure, supplied by the exportation of various other seeds, such as radish-seed and rape-seed; and, in 1833, the value of the exports of these articles exceeded 100,000 roubles. The wild rape-seed, which was regarded as little better than a weed, began to be purchased at 2 roubles per chetwert, but soon advanced to from 12 to 14 roubles. This sort yields but little oil, and has not been in great demand, except only upon a short harvest of the oleaginous seeds abroad. It is much, however, to be desired, that our agriculturists would direct their attention to the cultivation of the domestic rape-seed, which is consumed in large quantities in Holland and in France, and for which our steppes afford a very prolific soil. It could be readily sold at the present moment at 20 roubles the chetwert. It will thus be seen, how the demand from the English and the Dutch markets has called into existence new branches of our commerce."

The timber trade, from which so much was expected in 1802, that some speculators thought of establishing extensive docks at Malta, has not proved so lucrative as was anticipated; but wool both of coarse and fine quality, is daily becoming a more important export, as might have been expected from the vast ranges of pasturage in southern Russia. There is, however, no great prospect of this article being supplied at such a rate, as would render it a lucrative article of import to British manufacturers, especially as the Merino breed has not been yet extensively introduced into these regions.

"The ordinary wools are very coarse, and the fleeces often dirty, and full of grass seeds. The designations of merinos, and mongrel or half-bred, are so vague as to allow every proprietor to believe his flock to be quite as good as that of his neighbour, whereby improvement is considerably retarded."

From these causes the amount of wool exported from the Black Sea, is very trifling.

"In the course of ten years, reckoning from 1824, the quantity of wool shipped to foreign countries, from all the Russian ports of the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoff, has been 570,000 poods, a little less than one-third part of which was exported in 1833. Wool is not subject to any export duty."

Tallow is an article of greater importance. "The English were the first to perceive the immense advantages that could be drawn from the tallow of southern Russia, and to give an impulse to this trade. In 1814, the value of tallow exported from Odessa was only 84,554 roubles, in 1834 it amounted to more than 9,000,000 roubles, which is more than 100 times the original value; but, if we add hereto, that, from 1814 to 1834, the price of tallow has fallen 50 per cent., the actual quantity exported must have increased in a much greater ratio. In 1814, the pood was sold at 16 roubles; in 1819, at from 10 to 11; in 1826, at from 7 to 8; but, since 1830, it has constantly maintained itself at from 9 to 12 roubles."

§ A pood is equal to 36 lb. 1 os. 11 dr.

The fisheries of the Black Sea have been equally celebrated in ancient and modern times, but this branch of industry is said to be in a very backward state, the only article of export derived from it is Caviare. The author of the report gives the following brief account of the fish which furnishes this article of luxury.

"The sturgeon being a fish of passage, arrives in the month of March in great numbers for spawning on the borders of the sea, and at the mouths of the rivers. The term of their passage lasts fourteen days. They multiply in an astonishing manner, for the ovaria of the largest kind sometimes weigh as much as fifteen poods, and frequently contain 3,000,000 eggs. At the approach of winter they retire to the bottom of the rivers or bays in the deepest parts, and pass there the inclement season. The sturgeon is caught with the net or with the hook. The kind of sturgeon which abounds most, and which gives the best caviar, and the meat of which is most esteemed, is the sturio. The great sturgeon (acipenser huso) is much less abundant, and is now found only in the Danube, and that in small numbers: the caviar derived from this is consequently very dear, and is sold in Moldavia and Wallachia at 7 to 7½ roubles the oca."

The import trade of Southern Russia is fettered by many unwise restrictions, but especially by protecting duties. We shall only notice a few of the more prominent articles, and shall begin with textile manufactures.

"With regard to stuffs of European manufacture, Odessa imports the largest quantity, owing to the great consumption of these articles in the bosom of the free port. The value of woollen imported occasionally exceeds one million; that of cotton goods constantly exceeds half a million; and that of silk goods 300,000, or 400,000 roubles yearly; but the quantity imported of this latter article remains almost stationary, whereas that of the other stuffs is rapidly increasing."

We come now to examine the transit trade between Odessa and the Transcaucasian provinces by the route of Redout-Kalé. At first this trade was almost wholly neglected, but in 1823 it rose suddenly into importance: the Armenian merchants at Tiflis, not only began to make their purchases in Odessa, but after they passed to the fair of Leipsic, sent home their goods *via* Odessa and Redout-Kalé; but the importunities of the Russian manufacturers induced the Emperor to issue an Ukase, extending the European tariff to the country beyond the Caucasus. In consequence, the trade of Redout-Kalé, which, in 1828, exceeded two millions of roubles, fell below 20,000 in 1832, and is now even further diminished. Should the government persevere in this unwise policy, there is reason to believe that the greater part of the northern Persian and Transcaucasian trade will pass to some of the ports of Asiatic Turkey; and that the Georgians, already weary of Russian rule, may attempt once more to establish an independent government.

"It is, then, for the benefit of Trebisond and of the English, who have formed considerable establishments there, that Russia has closed the port of Redout Kalé. The only duties paid at Trebisond are 2 per cent. to the warehouse-keepers, and $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the right of sale. On the route from Trebisond to Tauris there is no duty demanded in the Turkish dominions; but having once arrived in Persia, foreigners pay 5 per cent., and the Persians 2 per cent., exclusive of 228 copecks in silver for every load. • •

"By this route England and Germany supply Persia and Anatolia with woollen cloths, ladies' cloths, printed calicos, cotton thread, paper, sugar, coffee, glass, porcelain, iron, tin, and steel articles. France has only a very small share of this trade; England on the contrary will very soon distance her rivals by the large establishment she has recently formed there. One single caravan, expedited in 1834 for Tauris, consisted of 650 camels' loads, 450

of which were plundered by the Kourds on the road from Erzerum to Tauris.

"By placing the Russian brand upon the iron of their own country, which is of a much inferior quality, but which costs 7 to 8 piastres less, the English have ruined the principal branch of Russian commerce. This is an additional evil, occasioned by the ukase of 1831 favouring the commerce of the English at this point. The English export from Trebisond, Persian silk, tobacco, wool, wax, opium, boxwood, and nuts; the total value of which amounts to 3,000,000 piastres yearly. What means does Russia possess to enable her to compete with the English at this point? Security, liberty, large capital, and a spirit of enterprise, are the chief requisites for every commercial undertaking, and which above all are indispensable to a newly-established trade."

A valuable Appendix of tables, containing the official returns of imports and exports in Southern Russia, is subjoined to this volume. From these returns, we see that the interests of the Northern and Southern Russians, like those of the Northern and Southern United States, are not very easy to be reconciled. It is the interest of the Southern to import manufactured goods at the cheapest rate, in order that they may become the merchants of Western and Central Asia; but were their trade free, the native Russian manufacturers would be driven out of the market, for, being destitute of skill, industry, capital, and machinery, they could never compete with the English and Germans. Hence arises the struggle for a tariff, and protecting duties, by which Russia will only drive trade from her southern ports, and not improve her manufacturers. The Turkish harbours on the Black Sea already begin to exhibit signs of commercial activity, long unusual to them; and had not Russia secured Amata and Poti, it is very doubtful if Odessa would not have long since exhibited signs of decadence. It is obviously with the design of securing an effective monopoly that Russia looks to seizing the Dardanelles, and the whole west shore of the Caspian; but we doubt whether, even if successful in both enterprises, she would do more than divert the course of trade—she would simply enrich the Levant at the expense of the Black Sea. But this consummation would ruin the trade of her own ports, as M. de Hagemeister has very forcibly demonstrated, and might provoke more angry feelings than the cabinet of St. Petersburg would care to encounter. We do not, however, anticipate any such event; the authorized publication of this report is itself a proof that Russian statesmen are beginning to learn the true principles of political economy, and to understand that restrictions on commerce, and the whole machinery of protecting duties, are as costly and impolitic as they are onerous and unjust.

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* The oca or obe contains 21 lb. 13 os. 5 dr.

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have been able to cast but a brief and hasty glance at the *British and Foreign Review*, but in that glance we have discovered the same inequality of merit, and diversity of political opinion, which have hitherto characterized this journal. Whatever may be thought of the staple of its articles, its leading defect, both as a literary work and as a political organ, is the want of unity—unity of mind, and unity of purpose. It has now arrived at its fifth number, therefore, inexperience can no longer be pleaded in excuse for such deficiency. It must commence forthwith to be something, or, as a necessary alternative, it will very naturally become—nothing. We offer this remark in the purest good-will. Considering the quarter from which this periodical has derived its origin, we think the fact of its establishment highly creditable to its authors; and we deem it most beneficial, that their section of the liberality of the country should have its organs, and seek an echo for its opinions among the public at large: but before it can find such an echo, it must have a determined voice of its own. As an instance of what we mean, we may cite the broad, bold, and lucid article on Irish affairs, which goes the whole length of the question, and place it in contrast with the paper on 'Ecclesiastical Reform,' which administers only an homœopathic millionth dose to the abuses of the Establishment. It is not necessary for us to comment on the opinions advocated in these articles; suffice it, that both cannot be right. On the mere literature of the present number, we have not entitled ourselves to speak; but we are warranted, even from our slight perusal, in stating, that, both for the importance of the subjects, and the knowledge that is brought to their discussion, the character of the *Review* is fully sustained. We would suggest, however, the policy of exchanging the uniform aridity of political discussion for a proper admixture of subjects of light literature—not excluding even articles of mere amusement. We are rather wholesale devourers of the more solid articles, but we plead guilty to an occasional desire for something more cool and refreshing—something more in the strawberry and cream department for our second course.

In consequence of the discussions to which the professed extracts from Sanconianth have given rise, and the question raised as to the moral conduct of M. Wagenfeld, he announces, in the Bremen papers, his intention of immediately publishing the MS. On this subject a correspondent, who has obligingly favoured us with his name, thus writes:—

"As my curiosity was very strongly excited by the announcement that a complete copy of the Greek translation of Sanconianth, by Philo-Byblos, had been discovered in a monastery, near Oporto, I lost no time in writing to a respectable and intelligent resident of that city, and solicited his attention and best information on the subject. In reply, he informed me, that he had made diligent inquiries, and had even applied to the Royal Commissioners appointed to survey the Religious Houses of Portugal; but neither from them, nor from other likely persons, could he learn that any such MS. had been discovered, or had existed in Portugal. I therefore concluded that the announcement was either a hoax on the learned world, or the puff preliminary to the production of some forgery.

"At length the development has, it seems, taken place in the obscure city of Hanover, where critical scrutiny was almost as remote as from Oporto; but the very intelligent account of Dr. Grotefend is quite conclusive as to the fabrication.

"The long extract given by Eusebius, in his 'Evangelical Preparation,' (b. i. c. 9 & 10), proves, that Sanconianth lived long previously to the age of Ezekiel—before even the development of the life of Jupiter Adodus, of Crete, and, of course, long previous to the Exodus of the Jews, or (as Josephus has it,) of the Hyksos."

We observe by the *Durham Advertiser*, obligingly forwarded to us, that at the second anniversary of the Surtees Society, held on Tuesday week, no less than forty new members were elected!

From the *Musical World* we learn, that the Worcester Festival commences on Tuesday, the 27th of September. The principal novelty of the coming series of provincial meetings, seems to be Mozart's 'Requiem,' with English words adapted to it by Mr. E. Taylor. We cannot give up the resonant monkish verses of the original Latin, without a protest:—the "powers that be" have too long applauded many an *Offertorium* and *Credo* of the Catholic service, in its papistical language, to denounce the performance of the 'Requiem' with any show of reason: and yet we presume that this *per-version* must have been undertaken to satisfy the scruples of the over-strict. We learn, too, from the same source, that a Commemoration of Purcell was held in Westminster Abbey on Thursday week. But while we glean gossip from this thriving little periodical, we must ask, how its conductors can reconcile with their high pretensions, and the sound criticism which occasionally gives a value to its pages, the worse than weakness of some of the articles—the deliberate praise lavished upon unworthy objects.—Mr. Dubourg's 'History of the Violin,' for instance? They should know and feel, that it is only by the force of consistency that they can make any impression, or take any decided stand, as musical critics. How are the public to put trust in their praise or censure, so long as they permit trite and trivial compilations to receive the sanction of their commendation? We have purposely passed over many defects, at which we might have cavilled, in our good-will to this young periodical; but here is a failure in principle, which, as well-wishers to the art, we cannot, and ought not to overlook.

We regret to state, that accounts have been received by government, announcing the loss of the *Tigris* steamer, engaged on the Euphrates expedition. She sank in a violent hurricane on the 21st of May, and twenty of the crew, with Lieut. R. B. Lynch, of the 26th regiment of Bengal N.I. a passenger, perished. The only officer lost belonging to the expedition was Lieut. Robert Cockburn, of the Royal Artillery, employed as assistant draftsman. The following particulars are extracted from a letter sent by the commander of the *Tigris*, and are taken from the *Morning Chronicle*:—"The *Tigris* on the 21st of May, was near Nuha, in the Euphrates, when a violent tempest came on, and the atmosphere was clouded almost to darkness. The few efforts time would allow to put the vessel in condition to weather the gale were unavailing, and the steamer in a few minutes foundered. The Commander and Lieutenant Lynch (relatives) went down together, but in their struggles for life, while in the water, the Commander states, in his letter to his friends received yesterday, he shook the Lieutenant off and was saved. He adds that on recovering himself, he found that twenty of his brave crew had perished. A committee of officers had, as usual, sat, to investigate the matter, and they had reported in favour of the skill, intrepidity, and judgment of the Commander under the trying circumstances in which he had been placed. The letter conveying these details is dated on board the *Euphrates*, another of the vessels employed in the Expedition." The latest accounts received, prior to this last melancholy letter, appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 9th, and were dated May 5.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Selection of PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS OF THE ITALIAN, SPANISH, FLEMISH, and DUTCH SCHOOLS, including two of the celebrated Murillo's from Marshal Soult's Collection, which His Grace the Duke of Sutherland has most liberally allowed the Directors to exhibit for the benefit of the Institution, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning till 6 in the Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue 1s. WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

JUST OPEN, TWO PICTURES, painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. The Subjects are, the VILLAGE OF ALAING, in Piedmont, and the INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, at Florence. The Village is first seen by moonlight, surrounded by its peaked mountains, with a lake in the foreground, formed by the melting of the snow; the lights from the distant houses are reflected upon its surface—the avalanches sweeping from their lofty summits, overwhelm the village. The coming day reveals the scene of desolation; and the simple spire alone remains as evidence of what hath been. The merits of the second Picture, the Interior of the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, are so well known as to render detail unnecessary;—it exhibits all the effects of light and shade, from noon-day till midnight.—Open from 10 till 5.

MISCELLANEA

M. Amand Carrel, editor of the *National*, has just died in Paris of a wound received in a duel with M. Emile de Girardin. He was a political writer of great power, and one of the few whose exertions brought about the revolution of 1830, who never benefited by it.

Molière's Chair.—A large wooden chair has been preserved at Pezenas, in the south of France, which is called Molière's arm-chair. Its shape and rude make attest its antiquity, and it has been preserved with great veneration by the various persons who have successively come into possession of it. It appears that when Molière visited Pezenas, he was accustomed every afternoon to go to a barber's shop in the town, which was the general resort of loungers and newsmongers, and that he used to sit in this chair while he was being shaved, and that he held a sort of levee in the shop, for some hours. The Municipal Council of Pezenas lately entered into some inquiries, with a view to prove that this chair was really the one in question, and the fact having been established, they decided upon sending it to Paris as a valuable relic.

Literary Pantheon.—An enterprise on a great scale has just been undertaken by the French literary world, called the Literary Pantheon, or a collection of the chefs-d'œuvre of the human mind. It is to be published under the direction of M. Buchon, long known as the learned editor of the *National Chroniques* of France. The method of subscribing to the work is by taking shares, and the price of a volume of 800 pages, is 10 francs.

Telegraph.—A new telegraphic system, applicable to nautical purposes, invented by M. Claude Sala, has just been presented as laying claim to the Monthon prize. It is described as remarkable for its simplicity: for, by the aid of eight signs, it produces, without difficulty, all the words of the vocabulary, and, by means of two lanterns, it can carry on a nightly correspondence.

Spontaneous Combustion.—An instance of spontaneous combustion is reported in the French papers, to have taken place at Amay, in the department of Avaron. A very fat woman, aged 74 years, and addicted to drinking brandy at 27 degrees, lived alone, and one evening returned home as usual, but, as she did not appear among her neighbours the next morning, they knocked at her door. No answer being returned to repeated demands, they summoned the mayor, who forced the door and exposed a horrible spectacle, accompanied by an extraordinary smell. Near the chimney laid a heap of something burnt to cinders, at one end of which was a head, a neck, the upper part of a body, and one arm. At the other end were some of the lower parts, and one leg, still retaining a very clean shoe and stocking. No other traces of fire were to be seen, except a blue flame which played along the surface of a long train of grease, or serous liquor, which had been produced by the combustion of the body. The mayor found it impossible to extinguish this flame, and summoned all the authorities; and, from the state of the apartment and comparison of circumstances, it was concluded among them, that previous to going to bed, for which she had evidently been making preparations, the woman had been trying to ignite some embers with her breath. The fire communicating with the body by means of the breath, combustion probably took place, and would appear to confirm an opinion entertained by several learned men, that that which is called spontaneous combustion of the human frame, never takes place without the presence of some ignited body near the person predisposed to combustion. A surgeon who bled an habitually drunken person, accidentally put the blood extracted near a candle, when immediately a blue flame appeared on the surface, which he found extremely difficult to extinguish.

Leeches.—France, Hungary, and Germany, are nearly exhausted of leeches, and the trade is now supplied from Moldavia and Wallachia: depôts are established at Bucharest, whence they are brought to France in the post carts. In 1825, France exported more than a million; and now, as above stated, is obliged to import.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Tadmor—R. V.—S. J.—G. K. received.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—The Classes in the School will be RE-OPENED on TUESDAY, the 16th of August, at 9 o'clock in the Morning.

W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.

The SENIOR and MEDICAL DEPARTMENTS will be RE-OPENED on MONDAY, the 30th October next.

TICKETS for the GRAND HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION and FETE CHAMPETRE in honour of the QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, at the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall, on the 18th of AUGUST, may be had at all respectable Seed Shops, and at the Secretary's Office, 5, Lancaster-place, Strand. Purchasers before the 1st of August will receive one in every five gratis. The Colostreum Band, the Band of the Horse Guards (Blue), and a full Quadrille Band, are engaged; and the new Italian Promenade, 300 feet long, will be thrown open. Tickets 2s. 6d. each; Children under Eight Years of Age, 1s.

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